

# THE CRITIC

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, AND THE DRAMA;

A GUIDE FOR THE LIBRARY AND BOOK-CLUB.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### New Publications.

**K**NIIGHT'S WEEKLY VOLUME for all READERS, price One Shilling. The publication of this Series commenced on Saturday, the 29th of June, and will be continued every succeeding Saturday. The following works will appear in the course of August:—

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THE CRITIC will be supplied for Six Months, by post, to any person forwarding six shillings' worth of penny postage stamps to the Office.

## TO AUTHORS.

THE CRITIC has adopted the novel and interesting plan of reviewing unpublished MSS., for the purpose of enabling authors unknown to fame to take the opinion of the public and of the booksellers upon the merits and probabilities of success for their works, previously to incurring the cost of publication. For this purpose, the following rules are to be observed.

The author is requested to make a brief outline of the contents of his work and transmit it to us, with the MS. (or such portions as he may deem to be fair specimens of it), from which we may select the extracts for our columns. All MSS. so submitted to us will be carefully preserved, and returned, as the author may direct, so soon as we have done with them.

It may be as well here to observe that religious and political treatises must be excluded from this portion of THE CRITIC.

## TO OUR READERS.

It is our pleasing duty sincerely to thank the great and fast-growing circle of friends which THE CRITIC has succeeded in securing for the unceasing support and much-enduring kindness with which they have cherished it through its early struggles, when encompassed by the difficulties of a novel design and exposed to the mingled suspicion and jealousy which always attend upon a new publication, and more especially one of the class to which THE CRITIC belongs.

That generous encouragement has, however, enabled it to triumph over the many obstacles which have thwarted its progress. It is about to enter upon its second volume with the prestige of being now an established work, a recognized organ of intelligence, with a wide and numerous circle of readers, having a distinctive character of its own, with the consciousness that its opinions, upon the matters that come within its ken, guide the choice of multitudes, because they are satisfied that its judgments have at least the security of being sternly honest. And the reputation it has thus won it will study to keep.

We stated at the commencement of THE CRITIC, that it was in no way a publisher's speculation, nor set on foot with a view to profit, nor is it, nor will it be, otherwise conducted. It is, in very truth, a labour of love. It is the production of a party of gentlemen of literary tastes and pursuits, who contribute their criticisms upon, and notices of, new books, without any other reward than the pleasure of aiding the cause of our national literature by circulating the knowledge of good works and impeding the progress of bad ones. They have no interest of any kind to serve but that of truth, and we can point to the pages of this first completed volume in proof that they have faithfully performed their mission.

And the design of THE CRITIC being such, it was stated that whatever revenues increasing sale and advertisements might yield would be applied to its improvement, not only in securing the best writers and the largest intelligence as to literature and art, at home and abroad,

but in its typographical embellishment and enlargement.

In pursuance of this promise, we shall commence the second volume with an improvement which cannot fail to receive universal approbation.

Many readers have objected, and with justice, to the shape of THE CRITIC, as too newspaper-like for a literary journal, which is intended to be a book for the library.

We shall avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by the beginning of a new volume to remove this objection, and at the same time to add immensely to the quantity of material for the reader.

The next number of THE CRITIC will, accordingly, appear in the shape of a very large octavo and contain no less than thirty-two pages.

For the purposes of binding, to preserve the continuity of the work, the outside pages, containing the advertisements, will be distinctly paged so as to be cut off and bound, if desired, as an appendix at the end of the volumes.

There will be no increase of price, notwithstanding the increase of quantity, which will be nearly doubled.

But it is necessary, perhaps, to state that the standard size of THE CRITIC for the future will be twenty-four pages, and we will not engage to give more than that. But it is our design, whenever there is a press of matter, to extend it to thirty-two pages at the same price, the additional eight pages in such case being in the nature of a gift to the reader, in pursuance of the design, which is to devote all the resources supplied by increased subscribers to the advantage of the readers.

Not the least gratifying event in the career of THE CRITIC has been the cordial adoption of it by the circulating libraries, booksellers, and book clubs throughout the country as their guide and organ of intelligence. Already it can count them by hundreds in its list of subscribers, and every day adds to the roll. The ready welcome THE CRITIC has thus received proves how much such a guide was wanted. The barren information of the *Circulars* and *Literary Advertisers* was useful so far as it went, but something more than a list of books and a string of advertisements was required by the bookseller, whether for his own purchases, or to aid his customers, and that required information THE CRITIC will endeavour to supply in addition to all that a *Circular* will yield.

Further, we are not without hope that THE CRITIC may become a public organ through which all engaged in the creation or diffusion of literature may be linked together for the advancement of their common interests. Hitherto they have been too much estranged. The author has been taught to look upon the bookseller more as a foe than a friend. This should not be, for, in truth, they are mutually dependent. The authors, however, have, as yet, been heard alone; the immense body of persons who labour to spread their works have had no public organ. THE CRITIC will afford them one; it will endeavour to link together all classes connected with literature and art; author, publisher, bookseller,—that their combined power may be employed for their common welfare.

Before we close this long address, it may be as well to repeat the ultimate design of THE CRITIC, when sufficiently supported to justify the enterprise.

It is to become a complete Journal of Literature, Art, and Music, both British and Foreign,—an epitome of the productions of the mind of the time, so that no work of any worth shall appear in Europe or America unnoticed in its columns. But this large scheme cannot be attempted until it finds sufficient encouragement to justify a weekly publication.

And then, as now, we would devote its pages wholly to its object—that of being a Literary Journal, without the reports of meetings of

scientific societies, and other matters alien from such a design.

As the present number must necessarily contain the title-page and index, the reading contents are consequently much curtailed. Many reviews of interesting works are consequently deferred to the next and enlarged number of the new volume; and among them *The Life of Lord Eldon*, by HORACE TWISS; EMERSON'S *Nature and Orations*; PATMORE'S *Poems*, and many other works, to which our increased space will permit justice to be done.

In conclusion, we ask the present friends of THE CRITIC to make known to their acquaintances its existence, its merits, if they think it has any, its commencement of a new volume, affording so good an opportunity for new subscribers, its intended enlargement, its more pleasant shape, its origin, its independence, its present plans and ultimate design, and add a recommendation. If each present subscriber would thus procure for it but one new one, THE CRITIC would at once be in a position to carry out its entire scheme, and have the aid of the best writers of the age both at home and abroad.

The labour of each would be small, but how great the combined results!

## LITERATURE.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*George Selwyn and his Contemporaries; with Memoirs and Notes.* By JOHN HENEAGE JESSE, author of "Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts," and "The Court of England under the Houses of Nassau and Hanover." London, 1844. Bentley.

THOSE who wish to catch the tone of the coteries and clubs in the early part of George the Third's reign, and are at all curious to know how the wits, courtiers, and *bon vivans* of that period felt, thought, and expressed themselves, will find much to interest them in Mr. Jesse's publication. It consists chiefly of letters addressed to the celebrated George Selwyn, among whose correspondents will be found Horace Walpole, Charles James Fox, Lord and Lady Holland, the Earl of Carlisle, Old Q, Dr. Warner, Madame Du Deffand, the Countess of Upper Ossory, and Miss Townsend, with many other distinguished personages of both sexes.

This correspondence is illustrated by notes and memoirs, which, though trite for the most part, are absolutely necessary to render these letters intelligible. In this portion of the work Mr. Jesse has inserted copious extracts from Wraxall and Walpole himself, for which we shall not quarrel with him. We all know what Walpole is, and as for Wraxall, he is scarce less amusing—nor less deserving of credence, we shrewdly suspect—in spite of the epigram in the *Quarterly*. It is sometimes convenient to give a dog a bad name.

Selwyn was evidently the idol of the gay and brilliant circle in which he moved. He appears to have possessed, in an extraordinary degree, the power of attaching to himself those with whom he came into contact. He was not only admired as a wit, but loved as a man. Unlike the majority of *bon vivans*, his heart seems to have been feelingly alive to the warmest and purest affections of our nature. His deep-rooted and paternal attachment to Mademoiselle Fagniani forms a distinguishing feature in his career, causing him at one time the cruellest anxiety, and even threatening to unseat his reason. His *penchant* for seeing executions and corpses is likewise very remarkable in a man of Selwyn's convivial turn. He is much rallied by Lord Carlisle and others on this propensity, and Lord E. allude is made to say on his death-bed—"If George Selwyn calls, shew him up. If I am alive, I shall be glad to see him. If I am dead, he will be glad to see me."



As a wit, Selwyn shone unrivalled. True, many of his good things appear flat upon paper; but they were not the less amusing for that; as we all know the eye, the manner, the tone, constitute, after all, the principal stock in trade of a successful *causeur*. Those who remember Liston in his prime can avouch for this. Some of Selwyn's *bon mots*, however, were excellent. His remark that Mr. Foley's crossing the channel to avoid his creditors was a *pass-over* not relished by the Jews, was eminently happy.

The reader will remark in these letters, that complimentary strain for which Pope, Swift, and other writers of that day, were so remarkable, and which Richardson adopted in his novels to preserve the *vrai semblance*. Cowper, from constitution, indulged a good deal in this in his correspondence, and with more sincerity, perhaps, than any other writer. The custom, in this matter-of-fact age, has fallen into disuse, and, if indulged in, would entail upon the writer the *soubriquet* of *Humbag*!

Among Selwyn's correspondents, the Earl of Carlisle holds a distinguished place. This nobleman, it will be recollected, was kinsman and guardian to Lord Byron, who has not spared his lordship in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* for the neglect with which the noble poet conceived the earl had treated him. Though there were good grounds for this supposition, Byron subsequently cancelled the obnoxious passage, which the provocation by no means justified, admitting the criticism to be correct, which was far from being the case. Indeed, it is impossible to peruse the earl's letters in this collection without arriving at the conclusion that he was a man of considerable talent, and an accomplished gentleman, though, like most of his *clique*, somewhat lax in his morals, and addicted to the gaming-table. This unfortunate propensity greatly impaired his fortune. Many passages in his letters in which he alludes to his losses, betray great anguish of mind; which, a man of sense, conscious of his weakness yet unable to resist temptation, would naturally feel under such circumstances.

On one occasion he writes:—

"The hazard this evening was very deep. Meynell won 4,000*l.* and Pigot 5,000*l.* I did nothing."

A few pages farther on we find he was not so forbearing:—

"I have undone myself, and it is to no purpose to conceal from you my abominable madness and folly, though perhaps the particulars may not be known to the rest of the world. *I never lost so much in five times as I have done to night, and am in debt to the house for the whole.* You may be sure I do not tell you this with an idea that you can be of the least assistance to me: it is a great deal more than your abilities are equal to. Let me see you, though I shall be ashamed to look at you after your goodness to me.

"To G. A. Selwyn, esq."

This letter bears the startling indorsement of "After the loss of the 10,000*l.*"

And yet in the evidence before the Select Committee of the Commons on Gaming, Old Crookford had the hardihood to assert that few men had been ruined by gambling, so few that he could not say he ever "knew" any young man who had lost 10,000*l.* by play! We suspect it would not be very difficult to enumerate a dozen such. Nay, in the beginning of this very volume, Gibbon is quoted as saying "Charles Fox prepared himself for that holy work" (debate on the Thirty-nine Articles) "by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of hazard; his devotion cost him only about 300*l.* an hour—in all eleven thousand pounds!"

No doubt the distress of mind felt by Lord Carlisle on this occasion was rendered doubly acute from the peculiarity of his position. It is evident, from the following passage in one of his letters previous to this heavy loss, that he was already under great pecuniary obligations to Selwyn and other friends; and that he considered his having played again an in-

fringement of a contract implied, though not exacted:—

"After what my friends have done for me, I do not look upon debts only as inconveniences, but even as a sort of breach of my agreement with them, and as a perversion of their good intentions."

But the Reverend Doctor Warner's letters will be found by far the most interesting and amusing in the collection. *Certes* the worthy Doctor's style is not precisely such as we approve in a clergyman, neither are his sentiments or ideas more in accordance with his calling. But he abounds in spirit and humour, tells a story admirably, and appears to have exerted himself heart and soul to keep up Selwyn's spirits, and serve him in his negotiation respecting Mademoiselle Fagniani. The subjoined extracts may be taken as a specimen of the Doctor's style:—

"Friday Night and Scrivelsby. Huzza!"

"And such a dust of embraces; such a shower on each side to lay it, as was worth staying away three years for; for so long is it since I came last to see this good girl, this Penelope, who has had but seventeen children, and looks young and handsome enough to have seventeen more."

"But why should I tell her I would be here on Friday evening? Why! because I know it is a trick of my old friends, the neighbouring parsons, to hold a convocation on Saturdays, as we shall do to-morrow, and then for whilst, backgammon, and tobacco, till we can't see, hear, or speak! By this trick of theirs hangs a tolerable tale. Roger, the servant of one of them, who is not remarkable for the happiest enunciation, asked Humphrey, the servant of another, what the deuce could be the meaning that their masters met so on Saturdays, of all days? 'Why! what do'st think, fool,' cried Numps, archly, 'but to change sarmunts among one another?' 'Neay, then,' said Roger, 'I'm sure as how they uses my measter very badly, for he always has the worst.'"

"At the inns in the great towns they put me into a common room (the travellers' room) with my brethren of the bag (the worthy Doctor travelled with saddlebags), who (as these fellows have all their walks, like the cock-robins, and are as jealous of interference) were presently solicitous to know what I dealt in. 'A very light commodity,' was the answer, which was repeated till it grew stale to myself, and which produced many ingenious guesses: but with the dark saying I was obliged to give the interpretation, and tell them I meant *words*; which, as they found I was no competitor, was a good joke, and we sat down very sociably, and settled the affairs of the nation."

The Doctor writes thus of the riots in 1780:—

"Barnard's Inn—what remains of it, Thursday morn'g, 4 o'clock."

"Dear Sir,—I wish much to know the events of this night to you and your friend: to me it has been a very distressful one indeed! The staircase in which my chambers are, is not yet burnt down, but it could not be much worse for me if it were. \* \* \* Will you give me leave to lodge the shattered remains of my little goods in Cleveland Court for a time? \* \* \* But there is a circumstance which distresses me more than any thing: I have lost my maid, who was a very worthy creature, and I am sure would never have deserted me in such a situation by her own will; and what can have become of her is horrible to think!"

"5 o'clock.—The fire they say is stopped, but what a rueful scene it has left behind! *Sunt lacrymæ rerum* indeed!—the sentence that struck me upon picking up a page of Lord Mansfield's *Virgil* yesterday, in Bloomsbury square. *Sortes Virgilianæ.*

"To G. Selwyn, esq."

A grave question arises here. Are we to profit by experience on the recurrence of such riots? Are we to resort at once to effectual measures for suppressing them? Bath, during the more recent *émeute* at Bristol, owed its preservation solely to such a course.

"Already," said our informant, a gentleman of that city, "had the work of destruction commenced

—the mob had begun to demolish the windows of the White Hart Inn. We' (*i. e.* the respectable inhabitants) 'were hastily formed into an open column, occupying the breadth of the street, armed with sticks and bludgeons, and marched to the spot. Our instructions were to order every person we met to move on. If they hesitated we knocked them down, and the city was saved.'"

Better, surely, some six or seven heads were broken, than sixty houses should be burnt and six hundred lives lost, as was the case at Bristol!

Horace Walpole's letters as usual are lively, *piquant*, and graphic. There are two or three also from that extraordinary old woman, Madam de Defland, who, at the age of seventy-nine, insists on being driven about the streets of Paris after the opera, *because it is too early to go to bed!*

Wraxhall's account of the apparition which was said to have appeared to Lord Lyttelton, at page 303, vol. 4, reminds us of a similar visitation reported to have occurred to the late Earl of Coventry, then Lord Deerhurst, some five and twenty years ago. His lordship, who then commanded the Worcester militia, was staying at Croome with Captain Younge of that regiment. After drinking deep,

"Their constant custom of an afternoon,"

they separated for the night, with an understanding that they were to beat the covers early next morning. Younge, after waiting some time for his lordship, went up to his room to hurry him. He found Deerhurst, nearly dressed, but in travelling costume. His face, which was pale and haggard, wore an expression of gravity very unusual to him.

"I am sorry I cannot shoot with you this morning, Younge," said his lordship, in an agitated voice; "I must post to town instantly. Lady Deerhurst is dangerously ill; I'm convinced of it."

"What makes you think that?" inquired Younge, much surprised.

"Younge," resumed his lordship, in a solemn tone, "I know you'll laugh at me; but as sure as I see you now, I saw my wife's apparition in the night. I don't expect you to believe me. Nevertheless I feel extremely uneasy about it. I feel a presentiment that something serious is going to happen, and I shall not be satisfied until I have seen her ladyship."

On reaching Piccadilly he found Lady Deerhurst was dead. If this story isn't true it deserves to be so. We relate it as we had it from an officer in Deerhurst's regiment.

The portraits scattered through the work are well executed, especially that of Old Q. in the last volume; the expression goes far to justify Lavater. It is true, and, to our thinking, hideous. On the whole, this work presents a valuable as well as amusing picture of a phase of society in the bygone days of England. It may be studied with profit by such as still cry out against this degenerate age, for they will learn from it, that while we have our peculiar tendencies to evil, which our ancestors two generations back were free from, we are, in many respects, as indeed it were shame not to be, very far superior to them.

*Songs, Ballads, and other Poems*; by the late THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. Edited by his Widow. *With a Memoir of the Author.* In two volumes. London, 1844. Bentley.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY was born at Bath, in the year 1797; he came of an ancient and honourable family, and boasted of high connections; but inasmuch as it is for his own merits, and not for honours reflected from ancestry, that his name is cherished, though himself hath passed away, we do not transcribe the titled pedigree that prefaces this memoir.

More important was his early training. Whatever luxuries wealth can supply were familiar to him from his infancy; and being an only child, the love of his parents was lavished upon him with an indulgence that

would have spoiled any less true-hearted being. The bent of his tastes towards intellectual pursuits was early exhibited. Before he was seven years old he was found to be dramatising a tale from one of his story-books, instead of conning his tasks. Therefore, in the true pedantic spirit of the pedagogue, he was called an idle boy!—Aye, idle!! although his mind was more busy all the while than that of the most dull and diligent scholar, who wears himself to learn masses of words by rote. Idle! and he was from rising to rest-time engaged in that best of training—self-education! Idle! and he was reaching the end by a pathway of his own, while his fellows were plodding through the weary ways prescribed by learned dunces, and making but imperceptible progress. Idle! and he was achieving the sole purpose of all true teaching—education; the calling forth, the expanding, as flowers open their leaves to the sun, of the faculties that are within, of which scholarship, or the cramming of the mind with the words and thoughts of other men, is a very insignificant portion. Aye, in the vulgar sense of the term, HAYNES BAYLY was an idle boy; in truth, he was a very model of intellectual industry.

"The child is father of the man," and the germ of the future poet was visible in the "satchel and shining morning face" of the schoolboy. There is preserved, in good round text, a poem composed by the lad before he had been initiated into the mysteries of "running hand," as it is called in school phraseology. It consists of some thirty lines of very respectable blank verse, addressed to a friend. Children's verses are generally nonsense verses; words without thoughts, and for the most part without metre. Not so this youthful essay of HAYNES BAYLY. It is really a advance of his years; and with every confidence in the biographer's fair dealing, we are much inclined to doubt if this poem was not polished by some older hand, if not a transcript from some practised amateur. The last four lines will convey to our readers a sufficient notion of the style of this production, so extraordinary if indeed from the pen of a child who had numbered but nine summers:—

"Perhaps in future hours, when oppressed  
With all the cares and crosses of the world,  
Sweet memory will recall the blissful days  
I spent with thee, and with the pensive muse."

His next step in life was to Winchester school. Of his doings there we have no other information than that "his favourite amusement was writing a newspaper, which appeared weekly, and circulated through the school, to the great amusement of his companions."

His father was a lawyer, and had destined the lad for the same profession. At seventeen he quitted the school, and was chained to the desk. But the dry studies and tedious duties of an office became extremely offensive to him. He was anxious to escape from them at any hazard. Seeing that his son's dislike was invincible, the father prudently removed him from an employment in which, with his feelings, success was impossible, and for some time he was permitted to lead the life of a gentleman at large. But still nature would have her way. She had shaped him for literature. Though entire master of his time and pursuits, he indulged in none of the amusements common to youth of his age; out of doors his sole occupation was walking, observing, and thinking; at home, reading and writing. During this interval, he contributed largely to the local newspapers; he also published a volume, entitled *Rough Sketches of Bath*, which displayed great talent, and was much noticed in its locality.

As it was urged upon him that he ought to do something, he proposed the church as the profession apparently the most compatible with his taste and pursuits. His indulgent father immediately entered him at St. Mary Hall, Oxford. But he found theology as little to his

liking as law; he made no effort to achieve academical honours; the aid of tutors both at the University and during the vacations failed to inspire him with a relish for syntax, etymology, mathematics, or divinity. He remained at Oxford three years, and then, abandoning his design of entering the church, devoted himself entirely to literature.

The loves of a poet are usually important features in his history. The first serious affair in the career of our lyrist had a romantic origin.

One morning he received a letter from a young lady at Bath, of whom he knew but the name, inquiring about the health of her only brother, for which she felt great anxiety, and had ventured to apply to his friend for a faithful report. A correspondence followed, of course, for the young man was ill; he grew worse, was attended by BAYLY with sedulous care, and by his friendly hand his eyes were closed. On his return to Bath soon after this melancholy event, a personal acquaintance was formed with this interesting correspondent. In such circumstances, an attachment was unavoidable. But

Alas! for love, for woman's heart,  
If we like this must be!

Prudent parents interfered. The young gentleman was asked what were his means, and owned that he was dependent upon papa, having no profession of his own, and the young lady confessed that "my face is my fortune." To marry in such circumstances was a folly neither was inclined to commit; they parted with mutual comfortings of love that nothing would destroy, and faith that would wait for happier days, but expressly repudiating an engagement. They never met again. Not long afterwards the lady married some more prosperous wooer. Our poet, however, took it seriously to heart, and the melancholy tone of many of his poems is an echo of the feelings that really agitated his bosom when he composed them. The most popular of his songs, *Oh! no, we never mention her*, owes its origin to this event.

To divert his melancholy, BAYLY visited Scotland, where he remained a year, and, during this period, wrote his *Songs to Rosa*. He then passed over to Dublin, where he led a life of unbounded gaiety, and was caressed and courted by the most agreeable circles, social and literary. Here he engaged in private theatricals, in which he excelled, and, during his residence here, he wrote his *Miniature Lyrics* and *Isabel*. This last song obtained extraordinary popularity. Having then visited some friends in the north of Ireland, he returned to Bath in January 1824.

And now love again took possession of the susceptible heart of the poet. At Bath resided Mrs. Hayes, who had an only daughter, pretty and accomplished, and whose house was the hospitable scene of many pleasant assemblies. BAYLY's fame was already large, and the matron was anxious that her *soirées* should be graced by his presence. He was introduced to her by one of the many suitors for her daughter's smiles. The poet came, saw, and was conquered; but he did not conquer immediately. The young lady, as she tells us herself, "though she could not but acknowledge that Mr. HAYNES BAYLY was very charming and agreeable, was nevertheless disappointed at not finding him *exactly* what her youthful imagination had portrayed." To avoid his attentions, she persuaded her mother to take a trip to Paris, and the poet was left to sigh at home, which he did in some exquisite verses. But his absence pleaded his cause more powerfully than he had been able to plead it for himself, and the lady confesses that she felt the want of his agreeable society when she could no longer procure it.

It was while he was in this uncomfortable situation that he was elected a member of the Athenæum Club, then really and strictly a literary society.

After remaining in Paris for nearly a year, Mrs. and Miss Hayes returned to Bath, and were immediately visited by BAYLY, whose passion distance had scarcely dimmed, much less subdued. The lady, however, now listened more favourably to his suit; and, having reason from her manner to believe that it would be accepted, but wanting the courage to speak, he adopted the following whimsical and truly original mode of making an offer:—

"In 1825 Mr. Haynes Bayly was a constant visitor at Mrs. Hayes's house at Bath, whither she and her daughter had returned, after remaining nearly a year in Paris, and he began to discover that he had at last found favour in the eyes of Miss Hayes; therefore, on his leaving Bath to pay a short visit to his uncle, Mr. Knapp, he presented her with a little box containing something which he said was alive, and which he requested she would cherish for his sake, but that she must not look at it until he was far away. This raised her curiosity to the highest pitch. Her lover would not, however, permit her to gratify it whilst he was present; but when he took his leave she flew to the box, and found in it, carefully enveloped in cotton, a ruby heart and the following verses:—

"Go, little ruby heart! and live  
As dear Helena's guest,  
And tell her I would gladly give  
The world to be as blest.

Say also she must not forget  
Since (heartless I depart)  
That she is deeply in my debt,  
The item is—a heart.

And tell her, too, I shall be glad  
To dun her when we meet;  
And if she'll pay me, I will add  
My hand to the receipt."

Whilst waiting anxiously for the reply, he transmitted some humorous verses, which are transcribed in the memoir.

The answer was all that he could have desired. The proffer was frankly accepted, and it was resolved that the union should take place immediately. The legal formalities of settlements were completed to the entire satisfaction of all parties, and an income sufficient for a comfortable and respectable livelihood was secured, independently of the not trifling proceeds of Mr. BAYLY's literary labours.

The marriage took place on the 11th of July, 1826, and the scene is described as a singularly gay one, all the rank and fashion of Cheltenham having assembled in the church to greet the pair.

The treacle-moon was spent at Worthing, and was followed by a succession of visits to friends; among others, to Lord Ashtown, at whose villa the poet wrote one of his most popular productions, *I'd be a Butterfly*. The origin of this song is worth preserving among the Curiosities of Literature:—

"After the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Haynes Bayly passed a month at Worthing, and then made a succession of visits to different friends and connections; amongst the most intimate of the former was the late Lord Ashtown. While they were staying at his beautiful villa called Chessel, on the Southampton river, Mr. Haynes Bayly composed the first song after his marriage, 'I'd be a Butterfly,' which has been such a universal favourite that we shall record here the incident which gave rise to it, feeling assured that it will be deemed interesting.

"A large party was staying at Lord Ashtown's, and the day before it broke up, the ladies, on leaving the dinner-table, mentioned their intention of taking a stroll through his beautiful grounds, and the gentlemen promised to follow them in ten minutes. Lured by Bacchus, they forgot their promise to the Graces, and Mr. Haynes Bayly was the only one who thought fit to move, and he, in about half an hour, wandered forth in search of the ladies. They beheld him at a distance, but pretending annoyance at his not joining them sooner, they fled away in an opposite direction. The poet, wishing to carry on the joke, did not seek to overtake them; they observed this and lingered, hoping to attract his attention. He saw this manœuvre, and determined to turn the tables upon them. He waved his hand carelessly and pursued his ramble alone; then falling into a reverie, he entered a beautiful summer-house, known now by the name of Butterfly Bower, overlooking the water, and there seated himself. Here, inspired by a butterfly which had just flitted before him, he wrote the well-known ballad now alluded to. He then returned to the house and found the ladies assembled round the tea-table, when they smilingly told him they had enjoyed their walk in the shrubberies excessively, and that they needed no escort. He was now determined to



go beyond them in praise of his solitary evening walk, and said that he had never enjoyed himself so much in his life; that he had met a butterfly with whom he had wandered in the regions of fancy, which had afforded him much more pleasure than he would have found in chasing them; and that he had put his thoughts in verse. The ladies immediately gave up all further contention with the wit upon his promising to shew them the lines he had just written. He then produced his tablets, and read the well-known ballad—

'I'd be a Butterfly, born in a bower,'

to the great delight of his fair auditors.

"It should perhaps be here remarked that the poet foretold his own doom in this ballad; for it will be seen by his early death that his nerves were too finely strung to bear the unforeseen storms of severe disappointment which gathered round him in after-years. On the same evening he composed the air, to which Mrs. Haynes Bayly put the accompaniments and symphonies, and it was sung the following evening to a very large party assembled at Lord Ashtown's, who encored it again and again."

The following winter was spent at Bath, and there BAYLY wrote and published his novel, *The Aylmers*, which was only partially successful.

Among other excursions, one was proposed to the Commemoration at Oxford, in 1827. There he met with marked attention, and, at a ball given by the Fellows of New College, although all the tickets had been distributed, the committee met, and specially voted an extra order for the poet and his bride. At the close of the same year he received the honours of maternity, a daughter being born to him. On the recovery of Mrs. Bayly they took a trip to Ireland, where he wrote a tale entitled *A Legend of Killarney*, which called forth a glowing eulogium from Crofton Croker; but it was dictated rather by the spirit of friendship than the justice of criticism.

They wintered at Bath, and in the following spring the poet was visited by an attack of gout. It did not, however, interrupt his literary labours. By June he completed a volume of songs, which he called *The Loves of the Butterflies*; and before the close of the year, two other volumes, one containing fifty songs for private circulation, the other his *Songs of the Old Chateau*. They were composed while he was suffering from the affliction of the death of a son.

Growing tired of Bath, and thirsting for the society and wider sphere of the metropolis, and especially desirous of attempting the drama, he broke up his establishment in his native city, and took a house in Wyndham-place, in 1829. Here he brought out his Swiss ballads, which were followed almost immediately by his first dramatic attempt, *The Witness*, which was produced at the English Opera House, and failed. Not disheartened, he speedily wrote another, which he entitled *Sold for a Song*, and which was completely successful.

At the close of the London season he travelled about the country, visiting many of his distinguished friends, and, towards Christmas, retired to a cottage near Eastbourne, where he wrote his *Songs of the Days of Chivalry*.

It is a curious fact, that his most successful dramatic effort, *Perfection*, was written entirely during a day's journey in a stage-coach from his cottage to London. Although the clever piece was rejected at many of the theatres, its merits were instantly discovered by the sagacity of Madame Vestris. By her it was brought upon the boards, and was entirely successful.

His next adventure was *The Songs of the Boudoir*, which contained the beautiful and popular ballad *We met*. It was, we are told, written and set to music in two or three hours.

In 1831, the clouds of misfortune began to lour about the hitherto bright and happy career of the poet. His marriage portion was secured upon coal-mines, which suddenly ceased to be productive. An agent who had the care of some Irish estates of the wife had

acted dishonestly. Contracted means compelled him to go abroad. The reverse seriously affected his mind, and prevented him from writing when it would have been most useful, and for awhile he fell "into a very desponding state."

But time and travel relieved his melancholy. He resumed his pen, and, at Boulogne, produced a volume, entitled *Musings and Prosings*, which was published by subscription.

For two years he continued to live in a retired and economical manner, but enjoying the purest domestic happiness in the society of the faithful partner of his sorrows as well as of his joys, and sustained by her cheerful acquiescence in the change. During this period he was chiefly employed in the composition of dramatic pieces, many of which became very popular, and still keep possession of the stage; such as *One Hour*, *Tom Noddy's Secret*, and *My Little Adopted*.

In 1836, the poet returned to London with his family, where he was cordially welcomed by his many friends. In the following year he published his *Weeds of Witchery*, which he dedicated to his friend Theodore Hook.

His property continuing to be unproductive, he was still dependent for his support upon the labours of his pen. This was to him a constant source of anxiety, increased, probably, by the consciousness of declining health.

In 1837, he contracted with Mr. Bentley for a work of fiction, to be entitled *Kindness in Women*, for which he was paid liberally. But while it was in progress he was attacked by brain fever, which completely prostrated him for many months. He recovered, however, but slowly, and as soon as his lady had given birth to another daughter, they returned to Boulogne.

In the following summer he went to visit his mother at Cherbourg, and there was attacked by a derangement of the biliary organs, which rapidly increased. In the autumn he had the best medical advice London could yield. His sufferings were terrible. He describes them as "like a vulture gnawing my side." He went again to London, but grew rapidly worse, and was completely jaundiced. He joined his family at Boulogne, and their worst fears were justified by his appearance.

Cheltenham was recommended, and thither they went. But it was too late. The disease had taken too firm a hold of the constitution. Symptoms of dropsy appeared, and his physician deemed it right to inform him of the hopelessness of his situation. He bore the announcement bravely, saying only, "God's will be done." He did not long survive; his senses speedily were lost, although his mind continued busy almost to the last. He died on the 22nd April, 1839, calmly and without pain. He was buried at Cheltenham, and his epitaph was written thus by Theodore Hook:—

"He was a kind parent,  
An affectionate husband,  
A popular author,  
and  
An accomplished gentleman.  
To commemorate all his good qualities,  
Which she duly appreciated,  
This tablet has been erected,  
By his disconsolate mother."

We cannot close this brief biography without commending the unaffected manner in which the writer has told her story. The collection of poems to which it is a preface will form the subject of another article, and the review of these interesting volumes will therefore be concluded under the more appropriate department of THE CRITIC devoted to notices of poetry, whither the reader is referred for the completion of this article in the next number of THE CRITIC.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Travels in Egypt and Nubia, Syria, and the Holy Land, &c.* By the Honourable CHARLES LEONARD IRBY and JAMES MANGLES, R.N. London, 1844. John Murray.

THIS entertaining and instructive book forms the third issue of Mr. Murray's popular series, *The Colonial and Home Library*. Originally it would seem not to have been intended for the public eye; but a limited impression having been printed for private circulation, the merits of the work were so generally acknowledged, and the copies became in such request, that it was deemed advisable to give it an extended currency in its present form. The publisher has done well in admitting it to this series; for, much as has been written on these countries, so ample in space, so rich in antiquities, so interesting in population and general aspect, is the field they offer for investigation, and so diverse the eye and taste of each successive party who explores it, that the remarks of observant and unprejudiced travellers—especially if they bring to bear on their subject (as is here the case) a familiar acquaintance with the history of the lands they visit—will never be unwelcome to the scholar and the reading public.

The tour, of which this volume gives a succinct narrative, occupied upwards of four years, during which period the travellers visited nearly all the eastern cities, ruins, and places consecrated by mention in the Scriptures.

Though the diary—for in that shape the work is chiefly written—commences with their departure, in company with Messrs. Beechey and Belzoni, from that island of wonders, Philoe, in Upper Egypt, for Abou Simbel, in Nubia, (where they intended opening an unexplored temple), we learn from incidental allusions scattered through the commencement of the volume, that our travellers had previously spent some time in the examination of the antiquities of Egypt generally, of which, however, fewer particulars are given than we could have wished, and, indeed, the importance of the ruins demanded.

The voyage up the Nile is graphically and agreeably sketched. After contending with great difficulties from the treacherous conduct of their boat's crew and the natives conjointly, they succeeded, after many days' digging, in effecting an entrance to the temple, which was the main object of their journey. Here they found, in the statues, hieroglyphics, and sculpture on the walls, a rich reward for their exertions.

Nubia has been little visited by Europeans; some particulars, therefore, of her people may be read with interest:—

### THE NUBIANS.

"The Nubians are a very distinct race of people from the Arabs. Their dress is commonly a loose white shirt and a turban; sometimes they are uncovered, except a cloth round the waist. They are very superstitious, most of them wearing charms to keep off 'the evil eye,' or other apprehended ills. These charms consist of some words written on a scrap of paper, and sewn up in leather; they are worn mostly on the right arm over the elbow, and sometimes round the neck. All the cashiefs we saw had them, and one Nubian dandy had nine of these appendages. These people pride themselves on their cunning schemes to deceive strangers. Few of them smoke, instead of which they use salt and tobacco mixed, enveloped in wool, and kept between the under lip and gum; the boys commence this practice when quite young. They are all rogues, but, being bred up such, do not think there is any harm in being so; the opprobrious terms, haramé, cadab (thief, liar), are not considered abusive with them, as they have no notion of honesty, and cannot possibly keep from pilfering any thing within their reach. We detected our sailors at this work almost daily, but they always made a joke of it. The several districts differ much in regard to dress, and particularly in their manner of wearing the hair; some have it curled 'à la Brutus,' others plaited and hanging down with great uniformity, in ringlets, to the shoulders, where it is cut off square at the bottom, and looks exactly like a mop. These latter grease their locks plentifully with oil; the former have generally a skewer sticking in their hair, in readiness to disturb any animalcula; which may bite

would have spoiled any less true-hearted being. The bent of his tastes towards intellectual pursuits was early exhibited. Before he was seven years old he was found to be dramatising a tale from one of his story-books, instead of conning his tasks. Therefore, in the true pedantic spirit of the pedagogue, he was called an idle boy!—Aye, idle!! although his mind was more busy all the while than that of the most dull and diligent scholar, who wears himself to learn masses of words by rote. Idle! and he was from rising to rest—education! Idle! and he was reaching the end by a pathway of his own, while his fellows were plodding through the weary ways prescribed by learned dunces, and making but imperceptible progress. Idle! and he was achieving the sole purpose of all true teaching—education; the calling forth, the expanding, as flowers open their leaves to the sun, of the faculties that are within, of which scholarship, or the cramming of the mind with the words and thoughts of other men, is a very insignificant portion. Aye, in the vulgar sense of the term, HAYNES BAYLY was an idle boy; in truth, he was a very model of intellectual industry.

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The treacle-moon was spent at Worthing, and was followed by a succession of visits to friends; among others, to Lord Ashtown, at whose villa the poet wrote one of his most popular productions, *I'd be a Butterfly*. The origin of this song is worth preserving among the Curiosities of Literature:—

"After the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Haynes Bayly passed a month at Worthing, and then made a succession of visits to different friends and connections; amongst the most intimate of the former was the late Lord Ashtown. While they were staying at his beautiful villa called Chessel, on the Southampton river, Mr. Haynes Bayly composed the first song after his marriage, 'I'd be a Butterfly,' which has been such a universal favourite that we shall record here the incident which gave rise to it, feeling assured that it will be deemed interesting.

"A large party was staying at Lord Ashtown's, and the day before it broke up, the ladies, on leaving the dinner-table, mentioned their intention of taking a stroll through his beautiful grounds, and the gentlemen promised to follow them in ten minutes. Lured by Bacchus, they forgot their promise to the Graces, and Mr. Haynes Bayly was the only one who thought fit to move, and he, in about half an hour, wandered forth in search of the ladies. They beheld him at a distance, but pretending annoyance at his not joining them sooner, they fled away in an opposite direction. The poet, wishing to carry on the joke, did not seek to overtake them; they observed this and lingered, hoping to attract his attention. He saw this manoeuvre, and determined to turn the tables upon them. He waved his hand carelessly and pursued his ramble alone; then falling into a reverie, he entered a beautiful summer-house, known now by the name of Butterfly Bower, overlooking the water, and there seated himself. Here, inspired by a butterfly which had just flitted before him, he wrote the well-known ballad now alluded to. He then returned to the house and found the ladies assembled round the tea-table, when they smilingly told him they had enjoyed their walk in the shrubberies excessively, and that they needed no escort. He was now determined to



to beyond them in praise of his solitary evening walk, and said that he had never enjoyed himself so much in his life; that he had met a butterfly with whom he had wandered in the regions of fancy, which had afforded him much more pleasure than he would have found in chasing them; and that he had put his thoughts in verse. The ladies immediately gave up all further contention with the wit upon his promising to shew them the lines he had just written. He then produced his tablets, and read the well-known ballad—

'I'd be a Butterfly, born in a bower,'

to the great delight of his fair auditors.

"It should perhaps be here remarked that the poet foretold his own doom in this ballad; for it will be seen by his early death that his nerves were too finely strung to bear the unforeseen storms of severe disappointment which gathered round him in after-years. On the same evening he composed the air, to which Mrs. Haynes Bayly put the accompaniments and symphonies, and it was sung the following evening to a very large party assembled at Lord Ashtown's, who secured it again and again."

The following winter was spent at Bath, and there Bayly wrote and published his novel, *The Aylmers*, which was only partially successful.

Among other excursions, one was proposed to the Commemoration at Oxford, in 1827. There he met with marked attention, and, at a ball given by the Fellows of New College, although all the tickets had been distributed, the committee met, and specially voted an extra order for the poet and his bride. At the close of the same year he received the honours of maternity, a daughter being born to him. On the recovery of Mrs. Bayly they took a trip to Ireland, where he wrote a tale entitled *A Legend of Killarney*, which called forth a glowing eulogium from Crofton Croker; but it was dictated rather by the spirit of friendship than the justice of criticism.

They wintered at Bath, and in the following spring the poet was visited by an attack of gout. It did not, however, interrupt his literary labours. By June he completed a volume of songs, which he called *The Loves of the Butterflies*; and before the close of the year, two other volumes, one containing fifty songs for private circulation, the other his *Songs of the Old Chateau*. They were composed while he was suffering from the affliction of the death of a son.

Growing tired of Bath, and thirsting for the society and wider sphere of the metropolis, and especially desirous of attempting the drama, he broke up his establishment in his native city, and took a house in Wyndham-place, in 1829. Here he brought out his Swiss ballads, which were followed almost immediately by his first dramatic attempt, *The Witness*, which was produced at the English Opera House, and failed. Not disheartened, he speedily wrote another, which he entitled *Sold for a Song*, and which was completely successful.

At the close of the London season he travelled about the country, visiting many of his distinguished friends, and, towards Christmas, retired to a cottage near Eastbourne, where he wrote his *Songs of the Days of Chivalry*.

It is a curious fact, that his most successful dramatic effort, *Perfection*, was written entirely during a day's journey in a stage-coach from his cottage to London. Although the clever piece was rejected at many of the theatres, its merits were instantly discovered by the sagacity of Madame Vestris. By her it was brought upon the boards, and was entirely successful.

His next adventure was *The Songs of the Boudoir*, which contained the beautiful and popular ballad *We met*. It was, we are told, written and set to music in two or three hours.

In 1831, the clouds of misfortune began to lour about the hitherto bright and happy career of the poet. His marriage portion was secured upon coal-mines, which suddenly ceased to be productive. An agent who had the care of some Irish estates of the wife had

acted dishonestly. Contracted means compelled him to go abroad. The reverse seriously affected his mind, and prevented him from writing when it would have been most useful, and for awhile he fell "into a very desponding state."

But time and travel relieved his melancholy. He resumed his pen, and, at Boulogne, produced a volume, entitled *Musings and Prosings*, which was published by subscription.

For two years he continued to live in a retired and economical manner, but enjoying the purest domestic happiness in the society of the faithful partner of his sorrows as well as of his joys, and sustained by her cheerful acquiescence in the change. During this period he was chiefly employed in the composition of dramatic pieces, many of which became very popular, and still keep possession of the stage; such as *One Hour*, *Tom Noddy's Secret*, and *My Little Adopted*.

In 1836, the poet returned to London with his family, where he was cordially welcomed by his many friends. In the following year he published his *Weeds of Witchery*, which he dedicated to his friend Theodore Hook.

His property continuing to be unproductive, he was still dependent for his support upon the labours of his pen. This was to him a constant source of anxiety, increased, probably, by the consciousness of declining health.

In 1837, he contracted with Mr. Bentley for a work of fiction, to be entitled *Kindness in Women*, for which he was paid liberally. But while it was in progress he was attacked by brain fever, which completely prostrated him for many months. He recovered, however, but slowly, and as soon as his lady had given birth to another daughter, they returned to Boulogne.

In the following summer he went to visit his mother at Cherbourg, and there was attacked by a derangement of the biliary organs, which rapidly increased. In the autumn he had the best medical advice London could yield. His sufferings were terrible. He describes them as "like a vulture gnawing my side." He went again to London, but grew rapidly worse, and was completely jaundiced. He joined his family at Boulogne, and their worst fears were justified by his appearance.

Cheltenham was recommended, and thither they went. But it was too late. The disease had taken too firm a hold of the constitution. Symptoms of dropsy appeared, and his physician deemed it right to inform him of the hopelessness of his situation. He bore the announcement bravely, saying only, "God's will be done." He did not long survive; his senses speedily were lost, although his mind continued busy almost to the last. He died on the 22nd April, 1839, calmly and without pain. He was buried at Cheltenham, and his epitaph was written thus by Theodore Hook:—

"He was a kind parent,  
An affectionate husband,  
A popular author,  
and

An accomplished gentleman.  
To commemorate all his good qualities,  
Which she duly appreciated,  
This tablet has been erected,  
By his disconsolate mother."

We cannot close this brief biography without commending the unaffected manner in which the writer has told her story. The collection of poems to which it is a preface will form the subject of another article, and the review of these interesting volumes will therefore be concluded under the more appropriate department of THE CRITIC devoted to notices of poetry, whither the reader is referred for the completion of this article in the next number of THE CRITIC.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Travels in Egypt and Nubia, Syria, and the Holy Land, &c.* By the Honourable CHARLES LEONARD IRBY and JAMES MANGLES, R.N. London, 1844. John Murray.

THIS entertaining and instructive book forms the third issue of Mr. Murray's popular series, *The Colonial and Home Library*. Originally it would seem not to have been intended for the public eye; but a limited impression having been printed for private circulation, the merits of the work were so generally acknowledged, and the copies became in such request, that it was deemed advisable to give it an extended currency in its present form. The publisher has done well in admitting it to this series; for, much as has been written on these countries, so ample in space, so rich in antiquities, so interesting in population and general aspect, is the field they offer for investigation, and so diverse the eye and taste of each successive party who explores it, that the remarks of observant and unprejudiced travellers—especially if they bring to bear on their subject (as is here the case) a familiar acquaintance with the history of the lands they visit—will never be unwelcome to the scholar and the reading public.

The tour, of which this volume gives a succinct narrative, occupied upwards of four years, during which period the travellers visited nearly all the eastern cities, ruins, and places consecrated by mention in the Scriptures.

Though the diary—for in that shape the work is chiefly written—commences with their departure, in company with Messrs. Beechey and Belzoni, from that island of wonders, Philoe, in *Upper Egypt*, for About Simbel, in Nubia, (where they intended opening an unexplored temple), we learn from incidental allusions scattered through the commencement of the volume, that our travellers had previously spent some time in the examination of the antiquities of Egypt generally, of which, however, fewer particulars are given than we could have wished, and, indeed, the importance of the ruins demanded.

The voyage up the Nile is graphically and agreeably sketched. After contending with great difficulties from the treacherous conduct of their boat's crew and the natives conjointly, they succeeded, after many days' digging, in effecting an entrance to the temple, which was the main object of their journey. Here they found, in the statues, hieroglyphics, and sculpture on the walls, a rich reward for their exertions.

Nubia has been little visited by Europeans; some particulars, therefore, of her people may be read with interest:—

### THE NUBIANS.

"The Nubians are a very distinct race of people from the Arabs. Their dress is commonly a loose white shirt and a turban; sometimes they are uncovered, except a cloth round the waist. They are very superstitious, most of them wearing charms to keep off 'the evil eye,' or other apprehended ills. These charms consist of some words written on a scrap of paper, and sewn up in leather; they are worn mostly on the right arm over the elbow, and sometimes round the neck. All the cashiefs we saw had them, and one Nubian dandy had nine of these appendages. These people pride themselves on their cunning schemes to deceive strangers. Few of them smoke, instead of which they use salt and tobacco mixed, enveloped in wool, and kept between the under lip and gum; the boys commence this practice when quite young. They are all rogues, but, being bred up such, do not think there is any harm in being so; the opprobrious terms, haramce, cadab (thief, liar), are not considered abusive with them, as they have no notion of honesty, and cannot possibly keep from pilfering anything within their reach. We detected our sailors at this work almost daily, but they always made a joke of it. The several districts differ much in regard to dress, and particularly in their manner of wearing the hair; some have it curled 'à la Brutus,' others plaited and hanging down with great uniformity, in ringlets, to the shoulders, where it is cut off square at the bottom, and looks exactly like a mop. These latter grease their locks plentifully with oil; the former have generally a skewer sticking in their hair, in readiness to disturb any animalcule which may bite

too hard. There is great difference in the features and make of the several Nubian tribes. The natives of Elpha are tall and good-looking; the people of Derry ugly and deformed; the tribe at Armada are small, but handsome, and well made; all of them are considerably darker than the Arabs. Nubians are frugal in their mode of living, subsisting principally on doura, made into flat cakes, and baked on a heated stone; and on sour milk and dates. It is usual to see a man set out on a journey of several days with no other provision than a small bag of dates. They eat the offal of all the beasts they kill, not rejecting any part; and when we were at the village to which the crew belonged, the women came down eagerly to dispute for some fowls, which, having died, had been thrown on shore. They are great boasters, but do not appear to have any firmness; and they have an especial aversion to firearms. They evince much outward show of religion, praying four or five times a day; and to display their piety they leave the sand on their foreheads, which sticks there while they are performing their devotions. They are respectful to their cashiefs, to whom they refer all their quarrels and disputes. They are invariably armed, and appear very proud of their weapons; most of them carry a dagger on the left arm, a long pike and a sword slung across the back. The boys, when young, have weapons given them; this, they imagine, shews their independence, and they acknowledge no government. They are exceedingly passionate with each other, but are soon reconciled, even after the most inveterate abuse. They adhere together, and no bribes can separate them. We never saw an instance in which we had any of them on our side, or where they revealed any thing to us. Ear-rings are common amongst the men; they usually have but one, and it is immaterial in which ear it is worn. They eat the locusts grilled, and affirm that they are good. Necessity has led them to the only manufacture which they possess; it consists of neat close-grained platters, made of the date-tree, to contain their milk and food. No earthenware is made in the country; their water-jars are brought from Egypt.

"The women do not cover their faces so scrupulously as the Arabs; they are not ill-looking, are generally well made, and have good figures. They wear a brown garment reaching down to the ankles; it is thrown over the right shoulder, comes close under the left arm, the shoulder of which is bare, and has not an ungraceful appearance. They are very partial to rings and bracelets; the former are frequently worn at the nose, the latter are made of one piece of brown glass, which, not yielding, and being forced on as small as possible, often causes much pain. They always go bare-footed. Young girls have a covering round their loins made of strips of leather, hanging down, and ornamented with cowry-shells and beads. The hair of the women is plaited, somewhat like the men's, and greased with oil. The Barabras, from their frugal mode of life, are subject to few diseases. They are all marked with one, and sometimes two, scars on the spine of the back, where they have been burnt for the cure of an endemial disease, which attacks them when young. This mode of treatment draws all the humours to one spot, and keeps the discharge open till the patient is recovering; experience has doubtless shewn it to be often successful."

On their return to Egypt, whilst in the neighbourhood of Gournah, our authors visited

#### THE MUMMY-PITS.

"We afterwards went to see the mummy-pits. It is impossible to conceive a more singular and astonishing sight than this. Imagine a cave of considerable magnitude filled up with heaps of dead bodies in all directions, and in the most whimsical attitudes; some with extended arms, others holding out a right hand, and apparently in the attitude of addressing you; some prostrate, others with their heels sticking up in the air; at every step you thrust your foot through a body or crush a head. Most of the mummies are enveloped with linen, coated with gum, &c., for their better preservation. Some of the linen is of a texture remarkably fine, far surpassing what is made in Egypt at the present day, and proving that their manufactures must have arrived at a great degree of excellence. Many of the bodies, probably those of the lower orders, are simply dried, without any envelopment. Innumerable fragments of small idols are scattered about; they are mostly human figures of Osiris, about two inches long, with the hook and scourge in either hand; some are of stone, some of baked earthenware, and others of blue pottery. Except as being so odd and extraordinary an exhibition, few of the common tombs, which were most likely for the poorer class of natives, are worth seeing, as none of them are ornamented in any way whatever; the bodies are stowed away in compact masses, tier on tier, always crossing each other. In some instances we found the hair quite perfect. It was in a tomb of this description that some of the diggers found a beautiful net-work, composed of long blue hollow beads, with threads passed through them; the parts of the net hanging down over the shoulders, and all emanating from a scarabeus Thebaicus, which

was on the crown of the head. It was found on the head of a female naumay."

At Jaffa (the Joppa of the Scriptures), a place no less celebrated in modern than in ancient history—for it was here Napoleon poisoned his sick and massacred the inhabitants in cold blood—our travellers were entertained by the English consul, of which dignified personage they have given the following amusing sketch:—

"There being no inns or khans in the sea-port towns for the accommodation of travellers, we were obliged to repair to the residence of the English consul. We found the representative of Great Britain sitting at the door of his house; he was a man apparently about sixty years of age, dressed in the Turkish mode, excepting an old brown cocked hat covered with grease, and put square on his head. His beard might be of some seven or eight days' growth, and his back was ornamented with a plaited pig-tail, reaching down to his middle. It was difficult to refrain from laughing at the sight of so odd a figure, for his dress was all soiled with fat and the drippings of soup. He received us with a dignified reserve, and, uttering several 'favorisens,' shewed us into the apartment, which performed the office of a saloon. This room was filled with water-melons; some English prints decorated the walls, and an old dirty sofa, without a covering, and well stocked with fleas, constituted the furniture, whilst numerous holes in the floor gave free access and egress to the rats. In the evening, when supper was announced, we were in hopes of a splendid repast, and as we had not tasted any thing since our early breakfast of dried fruit, we entered the room with our appetites very sharp set. Great was our disappointment when we found nothing but rice and cabbage, our host observing that it was 'Giorno della Penitenza.' We slept in the saloon, and got unmercifully bitten by the fleas. Next day we received some scraps of meat, but the old consul took care first to fill us so full of rice, that we could hardly find room for the better part of his feast."

A naked picture compared with that which imagination has drawn for us of the extensive forests which supplied cedar-wood for the building of Solomon's Temple, for ships, and general purposes, is the following:—

#### THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

"Early on Friday morning we set out by moonlight for the cedars, and arrived a little after day-break. The ascent from Eden to the cedars is not considerable, the distance, allowing for the windings of the road, which is very rugged and hilly, may be about five miles. On the right, higher up the mountains, is a larger and deeper vale than that of Eden, with the village of Beshiri in the bottom; this valley is very rich and picturesque. It is surrounded by lofty mountains, and is watered by a winding stream. It reminded us of the vale of the Dive in Savoy, and its 'Pont de Chèvres.' The famous cedars of Lebanon are situated on a small eminence, in a valley at the foot of the highest part of the mountain. The land on the mountain's side has a sterile aspect, and the trees are the more remarkable as they stand altogether in one clump, and are the only trees to be seen in this part of Lebanon. There may be about fifty of them, but their present appearance ill corresponds with the character given of them in scripture. There was not one of them at all remarkable for its dimensions or beauty; the largest amongst them is formed by the junction of four or five trunks into one tree; according to Maundrell this is 12 yards in girth; but but we are much more inclined to agree with Volney than with Maundrell, in the description which they have respectively given of the cedars of Lebanon. Numerous names carved on the trunk of the larger trees, some with dates as far back as 1640, record the visits of individuals to this interesting spot, which is nearly surrounded by the barren chain of Lebanon, in the form of an amphitheatre of about thirty miles' circuit, the opening being towards the sea. We thought the *tout ensemble* more resembled the Apennines at the back of Genoa, than any other mountain scenery we had ever seen. Mount Lebanon and its cedars are frequently alluded to in scripture. The words, 'All the trees of Eden, the choice and best of Lebanon,' Ezekiel, xxxi. 16, would seem to imply that the boasted cedars were always near the place in which the few remaining ones now are, as they are not more than five miles distant from the modern village of Eden. In the 2nd Chronicles ii. 8, the words, 'Send me also cedar-trees, fir-trees, and algum-trees, out of Lebanon,' clearly prove that formerly other kinds of wood grew on this mountain, none of which are now to be found here, unless the walnut-tree of the present day, which is in very high perfection at Eden, is the algum-tree of the ancients. By the first book of Kings, chaps. vi. and vii. it appears that much cedar was used in the construction of Solomon's temple. With respect to the village of Eden, it appears to stand where of old was the garden of God, so called throughout the whole of the xxxi. chap.

of Ezekiel, particularly in the 8th and 9th verses; but by reference to Genesis ii. verse 8, the position of the garden of Eden, where Adam and Eve were placed, seems very uncertain; for from the 10th to the 14th verses you observe, 'A river went out of Eden to water the garden, and from thence it was parted and became into four heads.' The river of Ethiopia (the Nile) appears to be one of the four, and the Euphrates another. Maundrell gives no extracts from Scripture concerning Lebanon; probably because he thought it would be useless, as it is mentioned in so many different places. Volney is also silent on the subject, I mean as far as respects quotations. Eden is called Aden by the natives at this day."

An interesting description is the subjoined of

#### THE RUINS OF BAALBEC.

"Saturday, November 1.—Early this morning we arrived at Baalbec, and employed the whole day in visiting the antiquities. Yesterday had been excessively fine, the sky being perfectly clear; but this evening they collected much on Lebanon and on the tops of the other hills, and the natives announced to us the approach of bad weather. We measured every part of the ruins; but as Wood and Dawkins, as well as Volney, have given correct descriptions, it would be superfluous for me to enter into minute detail. The imposing grandeur of one part of the building, of which six pillars are standing, particularly struck us. It is the remnant of a colonnade standing. Their beauty and elegance are surprising. Their diameter is 7 ft. and we estimated their altitude at between 50 and 60 feet, exclusive of the epistylia, which is 20 feet deep, and composed of immense blocks of stone, in two layers of 10 feet each in depth, the whole of which is most elaborately ornamented with rich carved work in various devices. We imagine these pillars to have been the remains of an avenue of twenty columns on each side, forming an approach to the temple. The space originally included by them was 104 paces long, by 58 broad. We were much pleased with the architecture and sculpture of every part of the ruins, although they have been much disfigured by having been formerly converted into a fortress. Remarkably large stones have been used in the construction of the various edifices, and in the S.W. part of the elevated walls on which they stand, we measured a single stone of 66 ft. in length, and 12 in breadth and thickness. In the construction of the pyramids and temples in Egypt, we never noticed a single stone of more than 30 ft. in length, and these were most of calcareous or sand stone, excepting some few of granite. The whole of these buildings, together with the walls, are of coarse marble, excessively hard. The inhabitants of Baalbec, although much prejudiced against Christians, treated us civilly, and seemed less curious and inquisitive than the natives living near any of the other objects of interest which we had visited. We left Baalbec on Sunday at midday, but the afternoon turning out very rainy, we stopped for the night at a small village beyond the opposite side of the plain. We observed that considerable quantities of snow had fallen on the mountains, which may give some idea of the great height of Lebanon; indeed, when we crossed the mountain the preceding Friday, we found several patches of last year's snow, and were told that it remains in some places, near the summit, throughout the year."

The following particulars of Arab hospitality may be profitably read by nations who reckon themselves far above the children of the desert in the scale of civilization:—

#### ARAB CUSTOMS.

"An Arab, on arriving in a strange camp, goes to the first tent that comes in his way; he does not wait to be asked in, but without any ceremony makes his camel lie down, unloads it at the entrance, and, entering the tent with the simple salutation of salaam alicam (peace be between us), seats himself by the fire, no matter whether the host be at home or not. Should he be present, he immediately puts fresh wood on the fire, and begins to burn and pound coffee, generally offering his pipe to his guests in the mean time. His wife, or wives, after spreading mats, if they have any, for the strangers to sit on, retire to their part of the tent, which is divided in the middle by their sack of corn, and whatever other effects they have, and prepare the dinner or supper, according to the time of the day, without any order being given by the master, but as a matter of course; in the mean time the host chats with his guests, generally about their sheep, which are their principal concern. The coffee being ready, he pours out a cupful for each of his guests, and helps himself last. The meal generally consists of camel's, goat's, or sheep's milk, boiled wheat and milk, lentil soup, or melted butter, and bread to dip into it; as soon as the meal is ready, the landlord pours out water for all his guests in turn, who therewith wash the right hand. The ablution finished, every one commences; the host retires, not eating with his guests, but welcoming them with frequent exclamations of coula, coula (eat it all, eat it all).



The repast ended, the attentive master again brings the water for washing the hands, and then eats of what remains. On two occasions, when we arrived at a camp late at night, and halting before a tent, found the owner, with his wife and children, just retired to rest, having arranged their carpets, &c. for the night, it was astonishing to see the good humour with which they all arose again and kindled a fire, the wife at once beginning to knead the dough and prepare our supper, our Arab guides making no apologies, but taking it all as a matter of course. Surely this was a striking instance of Arab hospitality. It was a pleasing sight to see them bring in their flocks at night; the sheep always slept close to the tents of their owners; several Arabs, together with numerous dogs, remaining outside as guards. The lambs (for it was the lambing season) were placed inside the tents, in a small spot fenced round, to screen them from the inclemency of the night air. The first care in the morning was to let them out to their dams, when it was interesting to observe the numerous ewes recognize their offspring by the smell alone; the lambs not being gifted with the sagacity of their mothers, were willing to suck from the first ewe they met with."

The above extracts afford the reader a fair notion of the work before us. It is written in an agreeable style, which seldom aims at anything more than simplicity and clearness, which, after truthfulness, form the most valuable qualities of narrative writing. The impressions, moreover, which it conveys of scenery, character, customs, and other peculiarities, as will be seen, are vivid, and evidently faithful; and if the authors are sometimes too minute in detail, and dwell too much and too often on the difficulties they surmounted, we readily pardon them for the sake of the information and entertainment their travels afford us.

#### SCIENCE.

*Practical Reflections on the Nature and Treatment of Disease.* By SAMUEL WESTCOTT TILKE, Medical Botanist. 4th Edition. London, Simpkin and Co.

Few readers will have forgotten the autobiography of Mr. TILKE, of which an outline was given in our first number. The recollection of that delightful history of the success that attends the union of industry, perseverance, integrity, and ability, will incline those most prejudiced against whatever is stigmatized with the name of quackery to turn an attentive ear to the experienced counsel of a man endowed by nature with such strong common sense as the career of Mr. TILKE proves him to possess, and especially upon a topic to which he has devoted the investigations and reflections of many years.

But, alas! Mr. TILKE is not a regularly licensed practitioner; he has not been chartered by the College of Surgeons and the Company of Apothecaries to cure or kill in the established fashion; he has the audacity to treat diseases after a manner of his own, and with no other guide than nature, and no other aid than simples. He is, therefore, proscribed from all scientific acknowledgment, and the M. R. C. S. turns up his nose at the preposterous notion of such a man writing a book on the treatment of disease.

We confess that we have no great reverence for the so-called science of *medicine*: it seems to us that very little indeed is really known to the wisest physician about the causes and the cure of disease. At the best, the apothecary's practice is empirical; the smart saying of Voltaire is as true now as it was when it was uttered. "A doctor," said the satirist, "is one whose business it is to pour medicines, of which he knows little, down a body, of which he knows less." What is this but licensed quackery?

To our mind, the only real quack is he who pretends to possess a specific for all diseases, and is unable to give a reason for his prescriptions. But Mr. TILKE does not so. He does not assert to himself infallibility; he does not assume to possess an universal medicine; he does not even say that he can subdue every disease; he tells his readers why he would administer such and such a herb in particular disorders, and, above all, he gives most excellent advice, both to those in health and to those who are sick, teaching the one how to preserve the blessing which he enjoys, and the other how to recover it without resorting to a doctor at all, or swallowing the contents of a chemist's shop.

In proof of the good sense for which this volume is distinguished, we will select a few passages which may be read with advantage by everybody. They

are fair specimens of the book whence they are taken.

#### BEING BILIOUS.

"Patients are very apt to inquire of their medical attendants, 'What is my disease?' A true answer to this question is not always convenient, nor would it be pleasing to the inquirer; therefore, he gratifies his patient with a general term; 'Madam, or Sir, you are bilious.' This is very satisfactory, and often pleasing to persons of fashion, as they claim an exclusive privilege to this supposed disease, brought into note by a fashionable apothecary, who had often been puzzled for an answer to the inquiries of his patients. Had I not witnessed the mischief which this fashionable term has caused, by increasing consumption and scrofula, I should not have attempted (as I intend) to be at some pains to point out the danger of taking medicine to carry off this supposed offensive bile. This bad habit tends to destroy the health they wish to preserve. In giving my reasons for believing that illness, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, proceeds from the deficiency of bile, it will be proper to consider the meaning of the term *bilious*. I have no doubt that the bile discharged is more frequently the effect than the cause of redundancy, brought on from the want of sleep and rest at the season intended by the God of Nature; also from the want of exercise, and the uncongential food and drink we take. Persons of relaxed, delicate, or dissipated habits, generally complain of excess of bile, when the very reverse is the case—for this reason: the weakness of their vital powers occasions a languor of the circulation; consequently, this produces a poor and a watery state of the blood; the secreted humours, the bile particularly, is much less pungent than it ought to be. Other causes will produce the same effect. The suffering poor, who are reduced by indigence, improper diet, or disease, often labour under the same defect of the bile; and this continues until they are better fed, when they recover a sufficiency of bile in proportion as they gain strength. Here is one of the beautiful provisions of Nature, that she is always ready to supply or take away, as may be necessary, and provides for the restoration of health, if she be kindly treated.

"In fever, I have no doubt, the gall bladder, from the heat of the body, becomes inactive, or else why do we so soon lose our appetites and the sensitive palate? The reason, I think, is plain: it is well understood that there are thousands of absorbing vessels always employed in taking up and conveying the juices for the nutriment of the body; in time of fever, in all its kinds, those vessels are wanted for another use, namely, to act the very reverse to their employment in health; instead of taking up, they are wanted as drains, to convey the diseased fluid into the different channels, to be expelled from the body. But there are many diseases accompanied with a sallow complexion, or what is called a bilious tinge of the skin. It is for the want of this necessary ingredient (as many of the articles of our food are of a tough, glutinous, and viscid nature) that the digestive powers of the stomach cannot completely assimilate its contents; the bile contributes, by its soapy quality, very much to complete the necessary change, and at the same time excites the absorbing vessels or lacteals to carry it into circulation. Even in diseases of the liver (the organ which prepares the bile), it does not, strictly speaking, deserve the name of bilious. A bitter taste of the mouth—a brownish fur on the tongue—a sickness and sense of oppression at the pit of the stomach, are believed to be undoubted proofs of offensive bile in the stomach, especially if it be discharged by vomiting. Yet this is not surprising, when we consider the unnatural mixture of food which is swallowed in a day. Here lies the grand fault, not in the wholesome bile; for had that continued in the stomach, its assimilating quality would rather have prevented those unnatural fermentations than have caused them. And no doubt this was the office nature intended it to perform; for after the food is passed onwards into the bowels, if the same fermentable action took place in the small intestines which occurs in the stomach (which the bile prevents), they would burst, and society could not long exist, under the present system of diet."

#### ERAS OF LIFE.

"Shakspeare, in describing the life of man, has divided it into seven stages of ten years each. I think, with such a medical mind as he had, he might have subdivided the seven into about fifteen; as I have no doubt, in every stage hereafter mentioned, a change or alteration in the bodily frame takes place; and this agrees with what I have said on the action of medicine on different constitutions and periods of life.

"When a child is seven days old it is disencumbered of the remains of the navel-string. At twice seven days, it notices the light. At three seven days, observes objects, and follows them with its eyes. At seven months, the teeth begin to appear. At twice seven months, it usually begins to walk. At three seven months, it begins to utter words. At four times seven months it walks alone. At seven years, the teeth are renewed. At twice seven years, the

heard begins to grow. At three times seven years, the body attains full growth. At four times seven, life is in perfection; and until five times seven, remains so. At six times seven, the strength and health begin to fail. At seven times seven, the mind attains maturity. Ten times seven is the full age of man; after which (there are a few happy exceptions), he is then only fit for the crutches made by Dame Nature for declining life, which are *quickness* and *retirement*. This gives him an opportunity of looking back on an idle and wicked, or a well-spent life, and to feel that, although he has lived in a crowd, he must soon die by himself. He reasons thus:—'I have proved that youth is not the age of pleasure; we then expect too much, and are therefore daily exposed to disappointments and mortifications—for this reason, that seldom any thing happens in this life precisely to our wishes; and properly so too. When we get a little older, and have brought down our wishes to our experience, then we become calm, and begin to enjoy ourselves; but this feeling can only be felt by the good and happy.'"

#### A USEFUL HINT.

"I cannot conclude this subject without reverting to the (to me) grievous habit of parents permitting their children in early life to drink wine with or after dinner; this habit too often increases with their growth, and in many cases produces all the ill effects before-mentioned. In connection with this I will relate an incident which, in the course of my practice, has come under my own observation."

The case is thus related:—

"A young lady, the member of a family with whom I was most intimately acquainted, was advised by her medical attendant (as a simple remedy for a constipated state of bowels) to take every day, at eleven o'clock, a dessert spoonful of castor oil in half a glass of gin, the spirit being intended only to take away the unpleasant taste of the oil. A portion of her family remarked with pleasure to me the benefit she had derived from it, and by way of praising the medicine, added, that, far from evincing a dislike, she was really fond of it. I shook my head, and at once expressed my fears of an unhappy result, predicting that the time would arrive when the oil would be unnecessary, but that she would be unable to do without the gin. My prophecies were verified, to the distress and misery of this once happy family. In less than three years she became a confirmed drunkard. Her friends were compelled to remove all liquors from her reach, and even to deprive her of money; but so deeply was the passion rooted, that by irresistibly yielding to its impulses she absolutely pledged her ornaments, and, in fact, any thing available, to procure the exciting poison. In less than five years from the commencement she died, the wretched victim of intemperance, still young, for she had not attained her thirtieth year. By this one fault, she who was once the admiration of all who knew her, lovely in person, amiable in manners, and bidding fair to make all happy around her, brought trouble and disgrace upon her family, and hurried herself to an untimely grave. The young lady to whom I have referred in my Autobiography (pages 318 and 319), as coming to me with three tumours (doubtless brought on by excess), assured me that she owed the propensity to the indulgence of her mother (a lady of title). She also declared that she would rather endure a continuance of her disease and misery, and die in it, than be deprived of what she was pleased to call 'her only worldly comfort.'"

#### EVILS OF SMOKING.

"I will now endeavour to detail a few of the evils arising from the general use of tobacco, which I have gleaned from other authors and from my own experience. The first, and one of the greatest evils, is to be found in the fact of its being an incentive to drink, as it usually creates a dry heat in the mouth and throat; but after what I have already written on the subject of stimulating drinks, I think I need say no more on this head. It is also exceedingly injurious to the stomach, as, in expending the saliva, that liquid so necessary to digestion is wasted, and the digestive organs of course weakened. A greater proof of the pernicious qualities of tobacco cannot be adduced, than the fact that those employed in its preparation are generally a most unhealthy set. In appearance, they are thin, meagre, yellow, and wretched, and frequently suffering under the following infirmities: asthma, cholera, loss of sight, vertigo, headache, muscular tremors, stupefaction, and diseases of the chest."

#### EVILS OF SNUFF-TAKING.

"Such is the smoker. But while speaking of the agreeables attending him, I cannot omit a few words on the equally filthy habit of SNUFF-TAKING. 'Twere vain to tell' with what sentiments of amazement and disgust I ever regard that man, who, perverting a splendid gift of nature, is not only unreasonable and unwise in so doing, but, by the indulgence, renders himself peculiarly offensive to those who have the misfortune to be near him. Imagine the great pleasures which he must of necessity lose: to him the most fragrant flower is (save in appearance) a

mere weed, and the air, however rich with perfume, passes unheeded, unenjoyed. It is most undeniably an unnatural innovation, for surely Dame Nature, all-wise and provident as she is, would, in the anticipation of man becoming a snuff-taker, in all likelihood have placed his nose contrariwise to its present position, in which the snuffer could with greater convenience load it, and thus the truly disgusting and ill-bred noise usually attending the operation, would be avoided. I often pity the wives of such men, more particularly when they are, as I have frequently seen, handsome and accomplished women. What acquirements or talents can render him an agreeable companion who is constantly adopting habits repulsive, offensive, and disgusting in the highest degree?"

But we might cull a hundred passages of equal merit; we must pause here, commending the volume itself to the attention of the reader.

## FICTION.

*The most delectable History of Reynard the Fox, and of his son Reynardine.* London, 1844. Parker.

WE are well pleased to see this delightful old romance published by Mr. Parker in his series of cheap and interesting works, entitled "Collections in English Literature." As Mr. Carlyle says, it is truly a European book. All Europe has contributed to it, and all Europe has enjoyed it. We care not, any more than the children for whose more especial use this edition is published, who was the author, and it is too widely known for us now to discuss its merits. The present volume is freed from any objections which the language used by Reynard the Fox, Bruin the Bear, Isgrim the Wolf, Grimbarde the Buck, and their companions of the forest was open to, although they may well stand excused for any transgressions of this kind, when we recollect that several centuries have passed since these colloquies first became known to the biped world. Doubtless quadrupeds as well as bipeds now speak less coarsely than they did in the middle ages. The addition of Reynardine's Adventures, so inferior in point and humour, might as well have been omitted, but the book will be a welcome addition to the juvenile library. It shows how strongly the tide of opinion is setting in again in favour of works of imagination for the instruction of children, instead of the insane attempts to make infant astronomers and philosophers of seven years old, which not long since threatened such evils to the minds of the rising generation.

## POETRY.

*Pictures from Dante, in the Version of Wright.* Selected by the Translator. London, 1844. Longman and Co.

MR. WRIGHT'S translation of DANTE has taken its place among our standard literature; but though patronized by the scholar, it can scarcely be said to have become popular, partly from the large price of the volumes putting them beyond the reach of any but the wealthy book-buyer, and partly from the prevailing ignorance in this country of the true merits of the great poet of Italy, of whom everybody talks, and yet with whose writings so few of all who talk are familiar.

DANTE was, even more than our own MILTON, a pictorial poet. His excellence lay in description, rather than in sentiment: his poems, consequently, will yield a complete gallery of pen-and-ink pictures, which impress themselves upon the memory as vividly as if they had been coloured upon canvass.

It was, therefore, an ingenious thought of MR. WRIGHT to select from his translation the most glowing of these cartoons, and suspend them where ready access could be had by a new class of visitors.

This elegantly-printed work is, in truth, a selection made with admirable taste of the *Divine Comedy*, though the translator affects to call them pictures. To all who desire some acquaintance with the manner of the poet of

Italy, but who have not leisure or inclination to wade through the entire of his epic, or who seek a pocket volume of gleanings, this will be a welcome announcement. It is elegantly printed, and of the nature of its contents a few extracts will enable the reader to form a judgment. The translation itself has already passed the ordeal of criticism:—

## SILENCE.

"This said, the flaming circle sought repose,  
And with it straight was stilled the melody,  
Which from the three in blended sound arose,  
Still'd, like to ours that, dashing through the brine,—  
If rest be needed, or if risk arise,—  
Are all suspended at the steerer's sign."

## A SIMILE.

"Ladies they seem'd, not from the dance set free,  
But pausing for new notes,—with fond desire,  
Until they catch them, listening silently."

## VALUE OF TIME.

"He who knows most, grieves most for wasted time."

## DESCRIPTION OF HELL.

"There sobs, and wailings, and heart-rending cries  
Resounded through the starless atmosphere,  
Whence tears began to gather in mine eyes.  
Harsh tongues discordant—horrible discourse—  
Words of despair—fierce accents of despite—  
Striking of hands—with curses deep and hoarse,  
Raised a loud tumult, which unceasing whirl'd  
Throughout that gloom of everlasting night,  
Like to the sand by circling eddies hurl'd."

## COUNT UGOLINO.

"His mouth uplifting from the fell repast,  
That vengeful sinner wiped it on the hair  
Torn from that head all gnaw'd behind:—at last  
He thus began. 'Thou bidst me to renew  
A grief that overwhelms me with despair,  
E'en at the thought, ere I the tale pursue.  
But if my words may, haply, prove the seed,  
Whence infancy shall spring to him I rend,  
Then will I speak, though tears my voice impede.  
I know not who thou art, nor can divine  
How to this nether world thou didst descend;  
But from thy speech I judge thee Florentine.  
Know, then, Count Ugolino was my name;  
Archbishop Ruggieri this. Now will I say  
Why such close fellowship with him I claim.  
How by his treacherous designs it fell,  
That, trusting in him, I was borne away,  
And put to death—there is no need to tell:  
But that which ne'er could have been heard by thee—  
How cruel was my death—will I relate;  
Then shalt thou know if he hath injured me.  
Through a small loophole in that dismal cell,—  
The 'cell of hunger' call'd from my sad fate,  
And where some other yet is doom'd to dwell,—  
Full many moons had shed their broken light,  
When o'er me came that evil-omen'd sleep  
Which all unweild the future to my sight.  
This traitor seem'd, as a huntsman, to pursue  
The he-wolf and his young ones to that steep  
Which shuts out Luca from the Pisan's view.  
Lean hounds, well train'd, and eager for the chase—  
The Gualunds, with the Sissmonds and Lanfrances,  
Before him he let slip. In little space  
The father and his sons, as though forspent,  
Lagg'd in the course; and then their heaving flanks  
Methought by those infuriate tusk were rent.  
When I awoke, ere morn its rays had shed,  
I heard my sons, who with me were confined,  
Sob in their slumbers, and cry out for bread.  
Full cruel art thou, if thou canst conceive,  
Without a tear, what then came o'er my mind!  
And if thou grieve not, what can make thee grieve?  
They were awake; and now the hour drew near,  
Which had been wont to bring their scant repast,  
And each was pond'ring o'er his dream of fear,  
When from within the dreadful tower I heard  
The entrance underneath with nails made fast.  
I gazed upon my boys, nor spake a word.  
I wept not, for my heart was turn'd to stone.  
My children wept, and little Anselm cried  
'What ails thee, father? strange thy looks are grown.'  
Yet still I wept not—still made no reply  
Throughout that day, and all the night beside,  
Until another sun lit up the sky.  
But, when a faint and broken ray was thrown  
Within that dismal dungeon, and I view'd  
In their four looks the image of my own,  
Then both my hands through anguish did I bite;  
And they, supposing that from want of food  
I did so, sudden raised themselves upright,  
And said—'O father, less will be our pain  
If thou wilt feed on us. 'Thou gavest us birth,—  
Be thine to take this wretched flesh again.'  
Then was I calm, lest they the more should grieve.  
Two days we all were silent. Cruel earth!  
O wherefore didst thou not beneath us cleave?  
To the fourth day had been prolonged our woe,  
When at my feet sank Gaddo on the floor,  
And said—'O Father! why no aid bestow?'  
He died; and, as distinct as here I stand,  
I saw the three fall, one by one, before  
The sixth day closed. Then, groping with my hand,  
I felt each wretched corpse, for sight had fail'd.  
Two days I call'd on those who were no more;  
Then hunger—stronger 'e'n than grief—prevail'd.  
This said—aside his vengeful eyes were thrown,  
And with his teeth the skull again he tore,  
Fierce as a dog to gnaw the very bone."

*Theresa; or, The Maid of the Tyrol. A Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By WILLIAM LEWIS THOMAS. London, 1843. A. Watts.

IN a modest preface, the author of this Tragedy confesses that he submits it to the tribunal of public opinion with no great confidence; he will be satisfied to escape censure, he dares not hope for praise; he asks only a candid judgment, a liberal criticism, by which he may profit in correcting faults, and he deprecates compliments which are not sincere. In such a spirit we open at Act the First, Scene the First,—a valley in the Tyrol, the house of Lewis Vostner in sight, and enter Gasper and Martin.

Says Gasper,—

"Well met, Martin. What news o' the war?  
Think you our brave Hofer will hold out  
Against the Bavarians?"

So far good; it is a natural greeting enough, and the lines are enduringly smooth, though 'gainst would have been somewhat more rhythmical than against. To this Martin replies—

"The news is sad.

Hofer retains his position at fearful hazard,  
Austria sends tardy succour,  
And France and Saxony support Bavaria."

Hold there. Do you not see, MR. THOMAS, how the third line halts, cleft of two of its feet? It jars upon the ear. This is careless work, MR. THOMAS; but let us hope it is an accident, and proceed.

## "GASPER.

We have as yet been unmolested here—  
But little hope there seems we shall be safe.  
Alas! that our poor land should be a stake,  
For which two mighty kingdoms  
Play the game o' war."

## MARTIN.

Danger must rouse us to our duty.

## GASPER.

True: we must arouse the villagers.

## MARTIN.

What if we consult with Lewis Vostner!  
He lives hard by, and is well reputed.

## GASPER.

Be it so! 'Tis whisper'd he is supreme  
On great emergencies.

## MARTIN.

Lo here he comes.

## Enter VOSTNER.

## MARTIN.

We greet you well, good sir:  
'Tis fit we should advise and act with you,  
To plan our safety 'gainst Bavaria.

## VOSTNER.

The villagers must speedily assemble  
And hold conference. Go you instantly  
To Raymond Landsberg: bid him  
Convene them to attend at noon;  
At that time I will be present, with the rest,  
And give expedient counsel.  
I'll go and seek Sebastian Freilitz,  
Who, tho' young, hath great capacity;  
In judgment sound, in apprehension quick,—  
He is courageous, too, in action,  
And may be well relied upon.

## MARTIN.

We'll go with all dispatch.

## [Exeunt MARTIN and GASPER.]

In the name of the nine Muses, not another word of this hideous jar! MR. THOMAS! MR. THOMAS! have you no ear? have you no fingers? that you can string together line after line of such irregular metre, or rather no metre, as deforms the two pages we have copied? Are you ignorant that ten syllables is the quantum allotted to the verse into which you have chosen to throw your tragedy, and that these must be rhythmically arranged in a certain measure, so as to come trippingly from the tongue of the reader, and fall musically upon the ear of the listener? Say, is it ignorance or eccentricity that has led you to indite no less than twenty lines out of twenty-six, sinning against these laws of metre? Does not their harshness give you pain? How could you have read manuscript or proof without perceiving your glaring blunders? If they be the result of ignorance, you have much to learn before you can hope to find an applauding audience. If you have erred wilfully, then





is an amendment hopeless. The mechanics of your art are yet to be mastered: you do not understand the *shape* of poetry; you cannot so much as *make* verses. What madness was it, then, to appeal to public criticism! If you had consulted any one of your friends, nay, had you stopped the first old woman in the street, and read aloud to her half-a-dozen lines of your tragedy, you would have been told of its flagrant offences against the laws of metre. To read it through would be torture to any person having the slightest ear, nor can we venture upon another page. The specimen we have given from the very opening will satisfy our readers that we have not judged too harshly of this tragedy.

Mr. THOMAS has wished our candid opinion, and we give it, only regretting the indiscretion that tempted him to venture publication until he had learned at least the rudiments of his art. When he has been taught metre, we shall be happy to try his merits in the other elements of poetry; but till he has mastered that first step it will be impossible to proceed further with him. Perhaps the reader will think that we have already bestowed too much attention upon such a work; but we were desirous of proving the justice of the judgment which it is our unpleasing duty to pronounce.

*False Honour: a Poem.* London, 1844. Hamilton and Co.

An excellent purpose will often excuse an imperfect essay; this pamphlet, a poetical protest against the practice of duelling, might have claimed indulgence on that score, but in truth it has no cause to pray for mercy. The anonymous poet handles his pen with some skill; he declaims eloquently upon his theme; he is no novice in composition, though probably a stranger to publication. It must not be understood that there is anything remarkable in this pamphlet; on the contrary, its worst feature is the evenness of the thoughts: the writer never sinks, but he never soars; he has mastered the mechanics of his art, and his versification is unexceptionable. The poem would have been a successful competitor for the Newdigate prize at Oxford; and if it be, as we presume, the production of the leisure hours of a mind whose finer tastes have been cultivated, but which can lay no claim to original genius, though the poet can scarcely hope for fame, he will enjoy the pleasure of a harmless pursuit, and probably please that numerous tribe who have no other notion of poetry than as good sentiments uttered, in good measure and rhyme. We must of course adopt a very different standard, and, tried by such, *False Honour* could not be much applauded, for it wants the truest and loftiest elements of poetry in its proper meaning. A passage will illustrate our remarks. We take

## THE DUEL.

"They stand opposed; their eyes are sternly met,  
Their lips compressed, each rigid limb is set  
Firm and impassive as a statue there:  
Passion condenses'd, and hatred in its lair,  
With the fierce thirst of vengeance; all are still,  
Bound down and paralys'd by master's will:  
By the calm, fix'd resolve that rules their strife,  
Concenter'd on the desperate game of life.  
If the lip quiver'd, it was not with fear;  
If the cheek paled, no thought of death was near;  
'Twas nature's self, that struggled 'gainst the chain  
Of iron purpose it would burst in vain.

The signal's given!—ere the sharp shot rang,  
Up-bounding from the earth the victim sprang:  
His arms are toss'd convulsively on high,  
His back to earth, his white face to the sky!  
His heart's blood slowly oozing from the wound,  
Like a red serpent trails along the ground.

Where now the officious friends?—like demons fled.  
The Murderer stands alone beset by the dead!  
Alone no more—unfetter'd conscience wakes—  
The visible eye of God above him breaks:  
Away—Cain's mark upon thy forehead bear:  
Thou see'st it not; yet, He hath stamped it there.  
Away—yet save thy wretched life—yet draw  
Thy few years rescued from avenging law:

Thy life, is of thy punishment a part;  
To waste beneath the gangrene of the heart.  
But know, while fleeing, cursing and accurs'd,  
Thou, of all human murderers art the worst.  
Thou brok'st not in the sacred house of life  
With a wild hand upraised in heat of strife,  
Thine the cold study, art from hatred drew:  
The craft that systematically slew.  
Thou thirstedst for the blood which thou hast sped;  
Why not, barbarian, drink what thou hast shed?  
Hence—from this hour shall conscience be thy mate;  
Thy life a waste,—thy death as desolate.  
Henceforth be thou from social converse driven,  
Outcast from men, and exorcised by heaven."

*Southey's Complete Poetical Works.* 1 vol.;  
*Moore's Complete Poetical Works.* 1 vol.  
Longmans.

Two beautiful and accurate reprints of the collected works of these poets. We are glad to see that, in return for the protection afforded to them by the New Copyright Act, the principal publishers are shewing a determination to enable the public at large to obtain good standard books as cheap, and got up in a far better style than the wretched whitey-brown, indistinct productions that were formerly printed in such numbers upon the Continent. Few of these will in future find their way here, for it must be borne in mind by all Continental tourists that they can no longer bring with them even a single copy of any work duly registered under the new Act.

## EDUCATION.

*The Governess.* Being one of *The Guides to Service.* London, 1844. C. Knight and Co. THE treatment of governesses is the shame of society. It is not only that their pay is so little better than that of a menial servant, but that, being often ladies by birth, always such in education, and generally in feeling, they are subjected to a species of silent and indirect indignity, harder to bear even than direct insult, because the miserable satisfaction of resentment is denied to the sufferer.

And yet how much is required in return for the wretched pittance thus doled out! What important services are expected from the gentle being to whom is intrusted the performance of the most momentous of parental duties for a few pounds, a place at the table, and the endurance of her company! This little volume, professing to set forth the whole art and mystery of the profession of Governess, constitutes the most eloquent appeal that has yet been made in favour of the better pay and more generous treatment of that most useful, but most ill-used race.

It purports to be a Guide for the Governess; to teach her how best to train the minds of her pupils. But it is more, much more, than its name imports. It is, in truth, a treatise upon the training and education, physical, moral, and intellectual, of childhood. It is a manual for the parent, equally with, nay more than for, the Governess. Every father should read, every mother should learn, every person engaged in the work of education in any shape should consult, it. It is in its scope and in its treatment a composition of rare merit; of incalculable utility in its teachings; the product of keen observation, of long practical experience, and profound reflection, as we shall shortly prove by extract.

We are, therefore, inclined to regret that Mr. KNIGHT should have placed it among the series of his *Guides to Service*, for we fear that its society will prejudice many against itself; not that its companion volumes are in themselves despicable productions; on the con-

trary, they are, without exception, very valuable treatises in relation to their several subjects. But the others were addressed to classes occupying a different social position, and were properly written for the comprehension of less educated readers, and we fear it will be too hastily assumed that the former *Guides* were the models of this new one, and that it will consequently be neglected by thousands who would eagerly have consulted it, had it made its appearance as a distinct publication, resting upon its own merits, and without the words "*Guide to Service*," to scare the over-sensitive from owning themselves within its purview. Confident we are that none will open it and read any page without being attracted to read on, and having read, they will assuredly place it in the library as one of those cherished volumes for reference which are never permitted to slumber upon the shelf. And they to whom it is not known will hereafter thank us for introducing it to their notice.

We can give but a brief outline of the manifold subjects it handles, and but few specimens of the manner in which they are treated, although we might expand a review of it to any length without exhausting the topics that almost demand attention. But it is not the design of THE CRITIC in the present stage of its existence to do more than preserve a current history of literature, and therefore the very best books, of necessity, can have only a few columns devoted to them. When age and public favour shall permit, we shall be enabled, perhaps, to give to the best books something of the elaborate criticism now to be found only in the Quarterly Reviews. Such, at least, is the ultimate project: for the present, the more limited design of a kindly notice must suffice.

The author devotes the first four chapters to *Maternal Characters*: commencing with a review of the proper duty of a governess, which he expresses in one word—she is the *delegate* of the mother. Hence, whatever qualities are requisite to the maternal character are requisite also for the governess.

What, then, are the duties of a mother? They are to nurse, to instruct, to aid, to take care of her offspring. Accomplishments are the proper province of professors.

But the usages and the claims of society prevent most mothers from fully performing these duties. Hence the necessity for the governess as the delegate of the mother.

But the maternal duty is not discharged when the delegate is appointed. She is bound to see that the trust is faithfully performed. On the other hand, she should exercise a judicious supervision, without too much interference, which is sure to paralyze the energies of the governess, whose judgment is retained as well as her knowledge. Many forms of this vexatious species of maternal anxiety are described and censured by our author.

It should be stated that the precepts of this delightful book are illustrated throughout by extracts from the autobiography of a governess, which had been placed in the hands of the author, with no other change, as he assures us, than the substitution of feigned for real names, the facts narrated being strictly true. This gives to the work the interest of a narrative, and admirably points the moral.

The mother's first duty is to see that a fit place for study is provided, and to make her own convenience yield to the education of her family. The governess should insist upon a school-room, and absolute command over it. That room should be cheerful, airy, comfortable, to associate in the mind of the child learning with pleasurable ideas.

Yet this, though important, is far from being the primary stipulation which the governess should make: the exclusive, and even arbitrary distribution of time, and the prohibition of all intrusion, are powers on which she ought in prudence to insist as part of her high prerogative; her voice should be conclusive on every question of holiday, of hours for meals, for sleep, or for relaxation; there should be allowed no appeal to mamma, no discussion, no plea for casual

" 'Il y a, je l'avoue, une autre sorte d'affaire où la gentillesse se mêle à la cruauté, et où l'on ne tue les gens que par hazard; c'est celle où l'on se bat au premier sang. Au premier sang! Grand Dieu! et qu'en veux-tu fuir de ce sang, bête féroce?—le veux-tu boire?'—From Rousseau's *Essay on Duelling*.

"The passionate burst of eloquence in the extract will be appreciated.—O si sic omnia!"

remission or change, unless subject to her approbation. Exercise, diet, and indulgence of every kind, except in the single case of sickness, should be under her unlimited control. The very first successful appeal from her decision is fatal to her authority, and, therefore, most mischievous to her pupils."

In the conduct of education, the first requisite is *system*, and with this the mother should never interfere. The system in religious education should be to inculcate practical religion and to teach by example rather than by precept. Most sedulously should it shun the mere *cant* of piety, the slang of circles calling themselves pious. That is, indeed, but the pedantry of religion, which may, and often does, exist without its spirit, and, in truth, is incompatible with it. "Wherever," says our author, "religious pedantry begins, we may fairly assume that the benevolence of pure piety disappears."

What admirable sense is there in the following:—

"Here lies the mistake; the social duties are elevated above the domestic; a higher moral rank is assigned to them, and hence, even in the school-room, almost in the nursery, precedence is given to them. We are speaking more particularly of the class of which Mrs. Williamson is a specimen. The religious mother conceives, and justly, that it is the duty of her children to be useful. To render them so, she lectures them upon Doreas and good works; she recapitulates every sermon, and, in the recapitulation, adds as much to its prolixity as she detracts from its argument; she expatiates fluently on missions and Bible societies, and sets up penny collections, and begging-boxes without end; she talks of sweet discourses and edifying conversations; she is 'charmed' with that 'dear man's touching appeals,' and 'awakened' by the other 'dear man's pathetic address;' she abjures dances, operas, and amusements of all kinds; she substitutes for them the excitement of platform oratory and religious meetings, public and private; and by such means she flatters herself that she has laid a solid foundation for her daughters to grow up into 'patterns of useful piety.' But it is not 'the sentiment' of religion that will ever render youthful females good wives or exemplary mothers, or secure their usefulness in those social relations which they are first called upon to fill. It is not by general maxims on 'regeneration,' and 'spiritual vitality,' however true, or however essential; nor is it by interminable platitudes on piety, and paraphrases on texts, that the heart is seduced into humble dependence on our Saviour, and constant effort to follow his example. Still less do such generalities assist the young disciple to check the passions, to curb the temper, and to subdue the selfish dispositions, that always mark the age of puberty. The understanding must be hourly exercised in the practice—or, if we may so apply the word, we would even say the common-place application, of scriptural truth to every act and enterprise."

The wife, to secure her husband's love, must be amiable, mild, intelligent, able and willing to amuse her spouse during the few hours he can spend at home—ever cheerful, ever soothing in his vexations. But these qualities are rarely found where the mind has become imbued with the fashionable cant, which converts the woman into the fanatic. Every reader's experience will remind him of homes made wretched and husbands driven to dissipation by reason of the influences of some popular preacher over the weak head of his wife. But to resume.

The mother must trust the governess in all things within her province. How true is this!

"We have heard an anecdote of Lord Nelson, that when he was appointed to some service of peculiar difficulty and responsibility, he was informed by the Admiralty that he might select for himself the captains who were to act under him; the hero declined the invidious task. 'It is of no consequence, my lords; take the first twelve on the list; there is not one upon it that does not know his duty!' We need not say how well the generous confidence was repaid. The confidence argued as much knowledge of human nature, as generosity. Men are found to 'know their duty,' and to do it, because they are trusted. Trust implies respect; and the respect of others leads to that proper self-respect which, of all earthly motives, is by far the strongest in impelling to a due discharge of duty. If we examine into the peculiarities of our national character, we shall find this to be one of the noblest of them. It matters not what may be the field of action, resolution and constancy are our national traits; whether in the senate or in the courts of law, in the army or navy, in professional or

scientific, or commercial life, in patrician or plebeian rank, we witness courage amounting to audacity, firmness approaching to obstinacy, and unflinching fortitude, that have no other source than a homely but inflexible sense of duty: the military man is often timid in civil conflict; the advocate will shrink from the contagion of a hospital; the surgeon will blanch in the halls of justice; but place either in the sphere where duty calls him, and calm indifference to danger or to trouble will assuredly mark his conduct.

"This maxim is applicable with equal truth to the tutor or the governess. Knowledge, talent, capability in every sense, may exist, but to give them fair play, the disposition to exert them must be encouraged, and, without confidence, no encouragement is afforded, while, on the other hand, the consciousness of responsibility is removed."

Two chapters are devoted to *Maternal Ambition*, the various phases of which are described and justly censured, especially that of educating her daughters above their sphere, the sad effects of which upon the happiness of the victims are pictured with great feeling and truth.

The author devotes a chapter to the subject of *Maternal Example*. Home, instead of being the sphere where the tongue and the temper may be indulged without restraint, should be the very last place for liberties with either. Gentleness and good-nature are woman's chiefest charms.

"The extent to which kind consideration for the feelings of others is valued in a female, may be estimated by the ordinary terms applied to her. 'She is an amiable woman,' is the invariable expression whenever a lady's name is favourably mentioned. Unless she is young, few think of her beauty; unless she is wealthy, still fewer talk of her charms; unless conspicuous for literary attainment, her wit is rarely mentioned in commendation; but whether young, wealthy, or witty, or deficient alike in all, if noticed as 'an amiable woman,' every heart is predisposed in favour of her; she may never 'create a sensation,' but go where she will, she is hailed with affection and respect: it is the natural homage that the ruder disposition of man pays to the sex—to acknowledge her superior 'amiability:' it is that quality of all others that attracts the heart; it wins the affection which gentleness and cheerfulness permanently secure. The sterner virtues man would rather appropriate to himself; they rarely attract his regard when clothed in petticoats; but gentleness and tenderness he yields to woman, as merit peculiarly her own."

Nursery Education is the next theme. Obedience should be exacted of the child, but the command should be accompanied with a reason for it. The cultivation of the mind should be secondary to that of the body, and encouraged chiefly when the child is weary of play. The following remarks on the subject of falsehood in children are full of good sense:—

"We must not be precipitate in suspecting children of falsehood: it is not in any case a natural offence; on the contrary, truthfulness is far more congenial to the infant's disposition, and for a very obvious reason; that it is easier to relate from memory than from invention: to tell the simple truth involves no difficulty or trouble; to concoct a fiction that shall serve the purpose of truth, requires ingenuity and thought; hence a child rarely attempts to deceive, unless to avoid punishment: it is a fair corollary, that if a child is addicted to lying, its parents or teachers are not the less addicted to hasty and inconsiderate, and therefore, unjust chastisement."

"But where falsehood has been clearly detected, the punishment should be severe, and the *silent reproach* yet more so: shame yet more than remorse, is the feeling to be encouraged; a short exclusion from the playful circle, a marked, but temporary sternness of manner, and the orthodox and very wholesome discipline of an exposition of the 5th chapter of the Acts, are the proper penalties for such a crime; but for a first, second, or even third offence, there must not be betrayed distrust. If the offence unhappily becomes habitual, then this severest of all punishment must necessarily follow."

Sullenness is a fault which should be punished by the mortification of neglect. Tale-bearing should be discouraged, as fostering a malevolent disposition; but the child must yet be taught not to *connive* at the faults of his companions; the different motives may be discovered by the manner.

We add the author's admirable hints on that most perplexing of questions, the

#### PUNISHMENT OF CHILDREN.

"Punishment, though immediate, should never be inflicted till all feeling of anger has subsided in the teacher's or parent's mind; and till the beneficial effect is visible, displeasure should remain; it must be a calm, tranquil, grave displeasure; unaccompanied by any gesture or even tone of anger; serene severity should be expressed both by voice and feature, as if the mother were impelled by a necessity, no less painful to herself than to the child. The very ceremonial of punishment should be grave and formal; to leave, as it were, a studied impression on the mind, not less deep, than that which the rod may leave on the body; and where this *ultima ratio* becomes necessary, it should be used efficiently, and not merely in *terrorem*. Pain must be felt as well as threatened."

"It follows from this view of the solemnity which should accompany it, that we consider all corporal chastisement as reserved for offences of the deepest dye; and how rarely such an extreme penalty need be exacted, may be inferred from the fact, that the writer has brought up a family of six, without ever but twice in all his life, having found occasion to resort to it; and yet more mischievous children have seldom plagued a parent, or, in their years of adolescence, done more credit to his care."

"Punishment, whether mild or extreme, should in all cases be appropriate, as well as proportionate, to the offence: gluttony, should be abridged of a daily meal; epicurism, deprived of the indulgence of a dessert; idleness, restricted from the usual play; dirtiness, visited with half-a-dozen needless ablutions; impatience, with unfolding an entangled string; petulance or quarrelling, with an hour's solitary confinement; and a few of the more serious, but still minor offences of conduct or disposition, with the heaviest of all secondary punishments to a child, a precipitate dismissal to bed! but all exposure to ridicule, or to public observation, by mounting stools or wearing fools'-caps, is radically bad."

Pleasure must be associated with learning in the nursery. The education there should, as far as possible, be made a matter of amusement; knowledge should be conveyed through the eye, by pictures, or through the ear, by talking, and very little should be attempted through the medium of books. Familiar objects may be explained at fit seasons, for the young mind is very inquiring, and always feels pleasure in receiving information, provided it be conveyed in an intelligible form. Sports can be turned to good account by a judicious teacher.

Our author protests energetically against the practice of requiring nursery governesses to teach the elements of the accomplishments. He contends, and justly, that the *finish* depends upon the accuracy of the first training, and that a better master is really required for the latter than for the former.

In drawing, the child should be permitted to use compasses or tracing-paper, or any contrivance he pleases for aiding his hand. In dancing, there should be little interference with the natural postures and motions, which in children are always graceful. The primary duty is not so much to *teach*, as to prevent the child from learning what is bad, ungraceful, or vulgar.

Children must not be confined to the nursery; they should be accustomed to see society, and constant and needless rebuke should be sedulously shunned.

But there is so much more of rare good sense in this volume, that we must return to it, contrary to our usual practice.

#### PERIODICALS.

*The Zoist; a Journal of Cerebral Physiology and Mesmerism, and their Applications to Human Welfare.* Vol. II. No. 6, for July. London, 1844. Ballière.

In our last we were enabled to do no more than extract from this periodical two or three of the singular cases of *clairvoyance* which it narrated. We now notice the other papers contained in it. The first article is an extremely interesting one on "*Reason and Instinct*." The writer's views are thus stated:—

"If we are asked then the difference between an instinctive and a rational action, we would say,—An instinctive action is an action performed by a being, resulting from neither observation nor experience—perfect from the first as regards the means used and the end to be obtained—always the same in all healthy



animals of the same species, and the necessary result of a peculiar organism.

"A rational action is an action performed by a being, resulting from observation and experience, and therefore capable of being improved—seldom precisely the same in any two animals of the same species, but nevertheless the necessary result of the degree of development and exercise of a peculiar organism."

And these he proceeds to prove by a multitude of curious instances, some of them new to the lovers of natural history. The second article is a translation of Dr. FOSSATI's address at the annual meeting of the Phrenological Society of Paris, on the contest raised between the clergy and the University upon the subject of education. The next paper is an account of the proceedings of the London Phrenological Society; the next, an essay, by Mr. Herbert Spencer, on the situation of the Organ of Amativeness. A short paper on the Religious Treatment of Lunatics follows. The sixth article is a very elaborate report, by Dr. ELIOTSON, of a remarkable cure of Epilepsy effected by him by means of mesmerism, the phenomena of which are recorded with careful minuteness. The next paper collects a multitude of authenticated cases of like cures performed by the same powerful agent. One of them is so well authenticated by the public returning of thanks for it in the parish church, that we extract the substance of this narrative:—

"The girl is in her 15th year; her name Catherine Brown; and is the daughter of a mechanic living at Compass-hill, Ilfracombe. Her mother states that she was taken alarmingly ill in the month of October, 1841, her complaint lying in her head, side, and stomach:—at this time she presented a most deplorable picture of human wretchedness and suffering, and her screams, which were terrific, could be heard at a very considerable distance—she could never be left for a moment, as, during the absence of the attendants, she would beat her head against a wall most unmercifully, so as to leave wounds as well as bruises; she was likewise often convulsed, during which paroxysms it was as much as two could do to hold her—many medical gentlemen of the town visited her, and gave her medicine, in fact she was an object of general charity, and I believe there was not even an occasional medical visitor in the town who did not prescribe for her. After a lengthened period of duration and suffering, the violence of her complaint gradually subsided, and at length totally left her, but LEFT HER DUMB! From that period up to the hour of being mesmerised, she has never spoken a single syllable, although bribes have been offered her in order to induce her to try to do so: she has still continued the object of charitable visits from the gentry of the town, among whom was — Lee, esq., magistrate, who used to offer her a shilling to pronounce his name, but even this simple monosyllable she has never been able to articulate."

She was mesmerised two or three times; as soon as consciousness was wholly destroyed she began to speak.

"At first her speech was slow, and she dwelt on the first letter of the word just as those persons who have an impediment in their speech, commonly known as *stammering*—thus, on pronouncing the word cat, she dwelt on the c, as c-c-c-c-at: dog, d-d-d-d-og, &c. &c., and in a similar manner was her pronunciation of other monosyllables. She was then asked her name, when, dwelling on each syllable, she replied Cath-e-rine Brown. From this it was evident that her speech was improving, and a further trial elicited a quick reply, 'Catherine Brown:' after a short time she was demesmerised, and those who were present will not soon forget the countenance of the child, when, rising from her chair, she ran towards a little girl in the room, crying out in joyous accents 'Oh, Mary Ann, I can speak again now!' A fear I believe was entertained lest the faculty of speech would again leave her on being demesmerised, but the fear was groundless, and wholly dissipated, on hearing her thus address her little friend."

The North Devon Journal records of this interesting case:—

"Many of your readers will be gratified to know that thanks were publicly returned in the parish church of Ilfracombe on Sunday last, for the signal mercy of God towards the girl, Catherine Brown, in her restoration of speech by mesmerism, through the instrumentality of Mr. Davey, who so lately lectured here."

Article VII. contains reports of many cases of painless extraction of teeth during the mesmeric state. One of them we select, because

it is authenticated by witnesses of unquestionable veracity.

"Friday, 31st May, 1844.

"At a meeting at Miss Wallace's, at the Aviary, Cheltenham, a child aged twelve years was introduced, and speedily put into the mesmeric state by Miss Wallace. It was then proposed to extract a tooth while under the mesmeric influence, and one of the temporary lateral incisors was selected for the purpose. The operation was performed by Mr. Shew. The tooth, on being examined after extraction, was found to have little fang to it, about half having been absorbed. The patient exhibited during the operation not the slightest symptom of pain, and appeared afterwards totally unconscious of its having been performed.

"S. Osborne Gibbs, Bart.

"Richard Beamish.

"James Arncliffe.

"E. Wallace.

"D. Hartley.

"William Smith.

"S. D. Robinson, M.D.

"George Shew.

"Collings Robinson, M.D."

The eighth paper narrates the cures of different diseases by the same agency, effected by W. J. TUBBS, Esq. Upwell Isle, Cambridgeshire. They embrace the hitherto difficult maladies, *tic douloureux*, rheumatism, lumbago, chlorosis, neuralgia, headache, melancholia, &c. A subsequent paper on "The Medical Journals and Medical Men," vigorously lashes the irrational mode of opposition to mesmerism which some of these parties have adopted, namely, by refusing to see and test it, but contenting themselves with abusing it untried. If they would see and detect delusion, they would be justified in the course they pursue, but to condemn without trial is a practice for which they who so act towards mesmerism would be the first to blame the persecutors of Harvey, Galileo, and every discoverer in science from the beginning of the world to this day. Distrust of assertions is to be commended; the strictest tests ought to be applied; the judgment should be slow in giving its assent; but surely it is neither honest nor manly to refuse to see, to inquire, to investigate, to deny without examination, and to abuse without first being assured by evidence of falsity. It should be remembered that if all were so to act, there could be no progress, for all our knowledge was once as novel as mesmerism, and much of it as strange and as inconsistent with views which were then supposed to be established, but afterwards found to be false.

#### REVIEWS OF UNPUBLISHED MSS.

*Memoranda of a Continental Tour: Pictorial, Personal, and Political.*

We left our travellers upon the summit of the Rhigi, and there we will revisit them. Their toil was richly repaid by the magnificent spectacle of

#### SUNRISE FROM THE RHIGI.

"The unwelcome screech of a mountain horn, 'tuning harsh discords and unpleasant sharps,' blown just beneath the window, roused us from the brief nap into which we had fallen, by compelling us to stuff our fingers into our ears to shut out the sound. It was dim dawn; faint would we have slept awhile longer; but it was vain to wish. The other travellers were stirring in the stable, and we were obliged to tumble out of our little beds and dress in the dusk, without any attention to toilette. When we reached the hill top it was already covered with chilly groups, habited in the strangest fashions; shoes down at heel, gowns untied, hair dishevelled, faces unwashed, shawls and coats thrown on hastily, eyes looking extremely like those of an owl surprised by daylight at a distance from his ivy tower. The morning air blew keenly, the sky was grey, and cold, and cloudless, the grass heavy with dew, the gentlemen had shrunk into great coats and the ladies into great shawls, and all appeared extremely uncomfortable and in no mood to be pleased, the harsh wooden horn that had summoned them from their beds being the theme of no small amount of abuse, as the musician discovered to his cost when he held out his hat for his reward. Not an inch of the world below could we discern—the vast landscape was covered with impenetrable night, over which we looked through the transparent dawn of this loftier region into the brightening horizon before us and upon mountain peaks that were fast shaping themselves against

the sky behind. In the east there was the pale glimmer of dawn; above, a few stars yet lingered, but with dimmed torches. If the scene of the previous evening was strange, this was stranger still. We beheld the meeting of day and night; we saw them shake hands, as it were, upon the Alp tops, and then the gradual retirement of the one and the advance of the other. It is a spectacle never to be forgotten by those who have witnessed it.

"There was so much to admire that I scarce know how to describe my impressions. Though we stood in daylight, the night, as I have said, still enveloped the world below. It seemed precisely as if a huge black pall had been spread over the valleys, so compact and substantial it was. Presently, and as if by enchantment, it rolled off and land and lake stood forth distinctly revealed in day. Turning, we watched the progress of the light down the mountains. First, their topmost peaks were outlined against the sky; then they became distinct and defined objects; then the blessed day seemed to march slowly and stately down their huge shoulders, revealing their snows and their black barren granites, until it had reached the valleys at their feet.

"We had been wakened to see the sunrise, for that is the spectacle which has attracted thither the crowd from all the corners of the earth who stand shivering at my side. He came at length, and the first bright point was proclaimed by the same hideous horn. He rose. I kept my eye upon the hundred-headed Alps to mark the reported wonders of the rays which are said to gild them with the hues of the rose. The sun came up without a cloud or a vapour to dim his glory, but neither crimson nor gold could I discover upon the giant heads that were about him. So far I was disappointed, for I had anticipated much from the effects of a sunrise among the Alps. But I had seen day and night together, and that was wonder enough. The sunset was certainly finer than the sunrise. But the dawn was vastly more magnificent than the twilight."

But it would seem that all travellers are not so fortunate. The day-god not unfrequently rises sullenly in a cloud, an incident which has been thus recorded in the album at the hotel:—

"Seven weary up-hill leagues we sped,  
The setting sun to see;  
Sullen and grim he went to bed,  
Sullen and grim went we.  
Nine sleepless hours of night we pass'd  
The rising sun to see;  
Sullen and grim he rose again,  
Sullen and grim rose we."

In their descent they come upon

#### TELL'S CHAPEL.

"After quitting this libel upon pastoral poetry, we traversed a series of orchards of mixed walnut, plum, apple, and pear trees, the fruit of some of which was yet ripe, and from them we emerged upon a deep lane overhung with trees, on the other side of which was a small rude chapel.

"I was scrambling over the hedge with most irreverent haste, when the guide called upon me to halt. I was already upon the bank, and preparing to descend into the lane, but I obeyed his call, and there waited his coming up.

"It was not without cause that he had detained me. We were treading classic ground. I was at the instant upon no less famous a spot than that whereon the tyrant Gessler fell when shot by William Tell; into that chapel he was borne, and there, behind upon honoured tree, stood the liberator of his country. The scene was instantly summoned before my eyes, and the place was peopled with shadows of armed men seen winding through the deep dark lane, with the tyrant at their head, meditating schemes of vengeance against the patriot leaders of the brave Swiss. There stands hidden in the shadow of the tree the form of him who had had been subjected to so cruel a trial of skill and affection: great in his own wrongs, greater in those of his country. The whiz of the arrow, the groan of the dying miscreant, the rejoicing shouts of the spectators, are still distinct in mine ear. I leap into the lane, I walk to and fro upon the ground that had witnessed the establishment of Swiss liberty, and then hasten to the chapel that commemorates the great event.

"It is a very rude building with a rustic porch without and as rudely fashioned within. Its walls are decorated with most unartistic frescoes, depicting the story of Gessler's death, and with innumerable autographs and inspirations of visitors who have thus recorded their homage to patriotism. The greater portion of these wall scribbles were our own country-folk; but the custom is by no means limited to them, for every language in the civilized world had furnished its quota of names and nonsense. I noticed many fierce effusions in favour of liberty, subscribed by personages who, in their own country, are its bitterest opponents, proving that all men are virtuous in the abstract, when that virtue does not interfere with their own inclinations. A patriot abroad is a splendid fellow, for he does not trouble us; at home, he is a pest, for he interferes with unjust profits and un-

justifiable privileges. So, one's admiration of the dead is an excuse for one's persecution of the living."

Crossing the lake, they reached Lucerne just in time to find shelter from

#### A STORM FROM MOUNT PILATE.

"A balcony without the window of the hotel overlooking the lake. The colour of the water was a bright sea-green: multitudes of fishes were playing about in its depths, many of large size, and I could distinctly recognize perch, trout, jack, dace, and roach. A gentleman sent for a rod and line, and baiting with fresh meat, caught them as fast as he could throw; but so eager were the smaller fry to seize the bait, that the instant it touched the surface of the water, they were round it in multitudes, battling for the prize, and it was sure to be swallowed by some luckless youngster before it could descend to the depths where the elders of the lake sailed about in slow and stately dignity. While watching the sport, a rumble of distant thunder was heard. Looking up, I beheld the head of Mount Pilate buried in cloud. While I gazed, the vapours began to descend with tremendous rapidity, rolling one over the other in masses, as if all the steam-engines in the world were engaged in pouring out their blackest and densest volumes of smoke. Not two minutes had elapsed since I had looked up, before the whole mass was upon us, enveloping the town in darkness almost like that of night, and a torrent of rain fell, such as I had never seen, rather a sheet of water than a descent of drops; a tremendous wind blew once and once only; we could not see so much as the other side of the lake for the storm. It lasted for some four or five minutes, and then passed away with a flash of lightning and a peal of thunder."

Here they fell in with a party of their countrymen, with whom they agreed to traverse the Oberland; and as they re-appear in the narrative, the author's sketch will bring them before the reader's eye:—

"The eldest of the party was Mr. G—, a wealthy West India planter, a humcrst and an eccentric. A tall, gaunt, large-boned gentleman, of Scotch origin, with prominent features, grey eyes, and hair somewhat silvered by age. He was a trifle choleric, very silent sometimes, very talkative at others, had seen much of the world, possessed the strong good sense that characterizes his country, had an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and never told the same story twice. His laugh was the most laughable thing I ever saw: he was both witty himself and the cause of wit in others."

"The second was a Scotch clergyman, a gentleman in mind and manners: one who had read much and thought much. He had none of the rigidity of the Kirk in his composition, and he did not assume it in his bearing or conversation; the ascetic spirit of the Covenanters had certainly not descended to him. He was versed in mental and moral philosophy, but he could enjoy a joke as well as anybody, and laugh with the merriest of us."

"He was accompanied by a young man from Glasgow, heir to a large fortune, and whom he was attending as a sort of tutor on a Continental tour, recommended for the recovery of his health, after a severe fever. He was a good-tempered fellow, who said little, but when he did speak it was always to the point. His meerschaum was ever on his lips, riding, walking, or sitting. Some thought him rather dull; I suspect that, though a silent, he was a keen observer, and could, perhaps, now tell us more of what he had seen, than those who were more noisy at the moment."

"Lastly, there was a Mr. S—n, evidently a gentleman by birth and education, handsome, well-informed, high-spirited, and generous. He had visited the Continent as an invalid, had been spending some months at the Baths, was slightly hypped, had profoundly studied the guide-books, knew where every thing was to be seen, and insisted upon seeing every thing that was within reach. But it was in vain that we sought to learn his history. We learned only his name, and when a singular incident occurred, which will be narrated hereafter, and which, it might be supposed, would have supplied us with the information we sought, it still remained as much a mystery as ever."

Such was the group which, over the tea-table at Lucerne, agreed to travel together through the Oberland."

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A curious ordinance has issued from the Ministry of the Interior of Madrid, having for its object to restore the orthography of the language to a system of uniformity. For some time past it is complained, that every teacher and professor has modified the spelling at his own caprice—an abuse threatening to exercise a fatal influence on the language, and create confusion and uncertainty in the interpretation of im-

portant documents. Accordingly, it is decreed, that without interfering with the right of every author, in his works, to spell as he sees fit, all elementary professors shall teach in conformity with the system of orthography adopted by the Royal Spanish Academy, on pain of losing their diploma; and that in all future examinations orthography shall be the object of a very strict scrutiny.

**EXCHEQUER DOCUMENTS.**—On Saturday a sale by auction of Exchequer documents, historical manuscripts, and autograph letters, which commenced on the preceding day, was concluded at the auction-rooms of Mr. Fletcher, 191, Piccadilly, when the following rather unusual proceedings took place:—The collection consisted of the correspondence of several of the most eminent of the nobility, of autographs of philosophers, poets, &c. of military despatches, and of a series of upwards of 2,000 Exchequer documents, from the time of King Edward III. which was described as "the most valuable series of Exchequer papers ever offered to the notice of the public," being "carefully selected from amongst the vast quantity of those documents sold under the authority of Government." Among the important subjects to be found in them were "the King's warrants for discharge or appropriation of the ordinary composition in lieu of personal service in the creation of baronets;" it being stated that "to the families in which these titles exist they must be of the greatest consideration." These were in the last lot in the catalogue, and would have been disposed of in the ordinary way, but that about half an hour before they were put up a messenger presented himself in the auction-room, having a letter in his possession, which was placed in the hands of Mr. Fletcher, who discovered it to be from the Attorney-General, prohibiting the sale of the Exchequer papers. The information was forthwith communicated to the gentlemen in the room, among whom it is said there was a person in authority connected with the British Museum, who would have purchased the papers for that establishment. The announcement of the injunction was of course received with much astonishment, but it is almost unnecessary to say that it was at once complied with. There were three lots of the Exchequer papers, Nos. 333, 334, 335. No. 333 contained a collection of them bound in 7 volumes folio, consisting of about 800 documents, "many of great value and importance as autographs and otherwise." In this lot were a roll of accounts of the Priory of Wexmor (Wigmore), in Herefordshire, of the time of Edward III.; Edward IV.'s warrant for payment of 100 marks to John Fortescue, 1474; a letter of the Lady Mary Seymour, dated from Hardwyke; letters of Philip and Mary; a return of money paid to the treasurer of the Mint, within the Tower of London, immediately before the fall of money, 1561; a warrant for payment of the diet of Sir Thomas Smith, ambassador to France, 1567; various privy seals; an account of moneys concealed from the Queen's Majesty in the dioceses of Exeter, Salisbury, Winchester, and Bath and Wells, 1577; various interesting papers, with the autographs of Lord Burghley, Lord Chief Justice Coke, and others; and a schedule of the names of the tradesmen, artificers, and others, to whom the somme of 11,538l. 8s. 8d. is owing, and of the particular distribution and payment thereof amongst them. Among the names occurs that of John Shakesper, bit-maker, 286l. 11s. 11d. No. 344 contained a continuation of the Exchequer papers from 1689 to 1699; and No. 335 contained 700 Exchequer documents of later dates than the preceding.

#### MUSIC.

##### MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

The great composer Spohr has just terminated a visit of a fortnight to Paris. The permission of his Sovereign, the Elector of Cassel, was with great difficulty obtained, and at last given at a time when all the concerts of Paris had ceased; but the leading professors, with M. Habeneck at their head, anxious to testify their respect for Spohr, reunited the grand orchestra of the Conservatoire, and gave the pastoral symphony of Beethoven, with the last symphony written by Spohr himself, with the perfection for which that orchestra is so highly celebrated all over Europe. No homage could be more ardent than that paid by the musicians of Paris to Spohr during this visit.

#### ART.

##### Summary.

SINCE the publication of our last number, the names of the artists selected for employment in the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament have been officially announced, and, together with the opinion pronounced by the committee on the merits of the Westminster

exhibition, will be found subjoined. Of the sound judgment and impartiality displayed by the Commissioners in their award, there can be, we think, but one opinion. The subjects which have been selected for the panels of the House of Lords have been distributed among the several artists; but they have permission, we understand, to interchange with each other according as they may consider their respective talents best adapted successfully to treat a particular subject. For his work each artist will receive the handsome remuneration of four hundred pounds; but the commissioners have wisely determined not to bind themselves to adopt the production of any of the parties selected; and further, they invite artists generally to compete on the given subjects, with the distinct understanding that the ablest composition shall be selected. On the great value of this decision, both as regards the present interests of Art, and the securing of first-rate works for the palace at Westminster, we need not here insist. We shall thus have another national competition, and, doubtless, an exhibition yet worthier of British genius than the superior one now open. Lord Montague's Bill for the legalization of Art-Unions having passed the House of Lords, is now on its course through the Commons. The chief purport of its enactments is, firstly, an indemnification of all contributors, subscribers, and officers concerned with such establishments, for the past, and, secondly, provision is made for the establishment and regulation of such societies in future, by Royal Charter, on the approval of the Board of Trade. We congratulate both artists and the public, on the friendly spirit in which this important measure has been received in both departments of the Legislature. The committee of the Art-Union of London have addressed the body of artists, loudly calling on them to afford, by an exhibition of their un-sold works, facilities to the subscribers of the present year for the selection of their prizes. We have heard, however, of no movement adopted in response to this friendly call.

#### ROYAL COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS.

##### SELECTION OF ARTISTS TO BE EMPLOYED IN THE DECORATION OF THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT BY THE COMMISSIONERS.

The final meeting of the Commissioners of Fine Arts for the present season took place on Friday, 13th instant, at Gwydyr House, Whitehall, when the opinion of that body on the merits of the respective arts contributing to the exhibition of fresco paintings now on view in Westminster Hall was formally pronounced by the selection of six individuals from among their number, whom it has been determined to commission to execute works on given subjects for the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament.

The commissioners present were Viscount Palmerston, Lord Mahon, Lord Colborne, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Gally Knight, Mr. Hawes, and Mr. Vivian. His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the President, and the other absent commissioners, having previously recorded their opinions in favour of the artists selected, no difficulty arose from their non-attendance, and some preliminary business having been transacted, the names of the successful competitors were declared as follows:—

Charles West Cope, Hyde Park-gate, Kensington-gore.

John Calcott Horsley, 1, High-row, Kensington Gravel-pits.

William Dyce, 1A, Royal-terrace, Adelphi.

Daniel Maclise, 14, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square.

Richard Redgrave, Hyde Park-gate, Kensington.

William Cave Thomas, 27, Baker-street, Portman-square.

Mr. Cope, the first-named gentleman, received a first-class prize of 300l. for his cartoon of the *First Trial by Jury*, in the exhibition of 1843. He has only one subject in the present exhibition—a fresco marked No. 53 in the catalogue, and entitled *The Meeting of Jacob and Rachel*.

Mr. Horsley received a second-class prize of 200l. in 1843 for his cartoon of *St. Augustine preaching*

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to Ethelbert and Bertha, his Christian Queen. He has two frescoes in the present exhibition—the one, No. 9, entitled *Prayer*, the border to which was designed and painted by Mr. Owen Jones; and the other, No. 63, entitled *Peace*.

Mr. Dyce's name did not appear in the catalogue of the cartoon exhibition last year, but he has an exquisite subject among the frescoes now exhibiting. It is marked No. 66 in the catalogue, and entitled, *Two Heads from a Composition representing the Consecration of Archbishop Parker in Lambeth Chapel, A.D. 1559*.

Mr. MacIse contributes to the present exhibition a magnificent fresco, described in the catalogue, No. 74, *The Knight*.

Mr. Redgrave, a name also not appearing in the catalogue of 1843, is the artist of No. 51 among the frescoes now exhibiting. It has excited considerable notice, and is entitled *Loyalty: Catherine Douglas barring the Door with her Arm to withstand the Assassins of James I. of Scotland*.

Mr. Thomas was a successful competitor in 1843, having received an additional premium of 100l. for his cartoon of *St. Augustine preaching to the Britons*. He contributes to the present exhibition three subjects: a cartoon, a fresco, and an oil painting, respectively marked Nos. 52, 54, and 55.

To each artist will be given a subject, to be afterwards transferred to fresco in the usual manner for the decoration of the interior of the House of Lords. The six subjects are intended to fill the six panels forming the interior of that apartment.

In addition to the selection of the above artists to execute designs for frescoes in the new Houses of Parliament, it will be seen from the subjoined that her Majesty's Commissioners of Fine Arts have chosen three sculptors from among the number contributing to the exhibition in Westminster Hall, whom they recommend for employment on such works as may be hereafter required for the purposes of decoration in the New Palace. The letter runs thus:—

"Whitehall, July 9.

"We, the undersigned, having inspected the models for sculpture submitted to us in Westminster Hall, are of opinion that the exhibition is highly creditable to the country. We have recorded our judgment on the merit of many of the works of the exhibitors, but not being at present in possession of sufficient information as to the extent of the decorations in sculpture which may be considered desirable in the palace at Westminster, or as to the time when such decorations may be required, we have thought it expedient to limit our present selection to those artists whom we consider have especially distinguished themselves in the exhibition referred to, and we hereby recommend the following artists, viz. W. Calder Marshall, John Bell, John Henry Foley, for employment on such works in the palace at Westminster, and for such remuneration as may hereafter be determined. At the same time, we wish it to be understood that the present selection does not by any means imply the exclusion of other sculptors, whether they may or may not have exhibited specimens of their ability on the present occasion.

(Signed)

"ALBERT, CHARLES SHAW LEFEVRE,  
SUTHERLAND, ROBERT PELL,  
LANDSOWNE, J. R. G. GRAHAM,  
LINCOLN, T. B. MACAULAY,  
ABERDEEN, H. GALLY KNIGHT,  
PALMERSTON, B. HAWES, JUN.  
MELBOURNE, S. ROGERS,  
MAHON, GEORGE VIVIAN,  
ASHBURTON, THOMAS WYSE,"  
COLBORNE,

Mr. Marshall has two works in the present exhibition, marked respectively in the catalogue No. 100 and No. 165, the one a full length of *Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry*, and the other a figure of *Eve*.

Mr. Bell contributes two models of sculpture, the one No. 106, known as *The Archer, or Eagle-slayer*, and the other No. 134, a figure of *Jane Shore*. Mr. Bell also exhibits a cartoon (No. 81) entitled *The Angel of the Pillar*.

Mr. John Henry Foley has also two subjects, Nos. 155 and 156, the first being the figure of *A Youth at a Stream*, and the second, a group of *Ino and the Infant Bacchus*.

#### CHIT-CHAT ON ART.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART IN SCOTLAND.—A meeting of citizens was held on Thursday night in the Café Royal to consider a proposal which embraced the double idea of completing the structure of the National Monument on the Calton Hill, and of ren-

dering it a receptacle for works of high art; of making it, in fact, a gallery of the fine arts in Scotland. The Lord Provost was called to the chair. Mr. D. R. Hay explained the scheme, which was in substance that an association should be formed similar to those already known in the country as art unions; but that the funds so raised should be devoted, the one-half to the completion of the monument, the other half to the purchase of works of high art, which, instead of being ballotted for by the subscribers, should be deposited in the gallery to be established in the National Monument. Resolutions carrying out this view were moved and seconded by Mr. Hay; Mr. Blackwood, bookseller; Mr. Alexander Bryson; Councillor Dick; Mr. Robertson, of Eldin; Mr. Ballantyne; and a committee was suggested to carry the resolutions into effect.—*Edinburgh Observer*.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—On Monday, the annual meeting of the proprietors of this theatre was held in the saloon. A large number of proprietors were present, and the Earl of Glengall was voted to the chair. The noble lord was supported by Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq. Major Taylor, Captain Spencer, Mr. Grenfell, Captain Grover, Mr. Ramsbottom, M.P. Mr. Gregory, Mr. George Robins, and other gentlemen. The chairman, after some introductory remarks, called on Mr. Dunn, the secretary, to read the annual report of the committee. We have not room for this document in the crowded state of our columns. It was to the effect, that the late season, under the management of Mr. Bunn, had been more prosperous than any season for a considerable time past, and that the committee had concluded an agreement, for a further term of three years, with that gentleman, determinable, at the option of either party, at the end of the first; and they trusted that, with the renewed exertion of the lessee, a still more favourable season even than the last might be anticipated. The report was confirmed, thanks voted to Mr. Bunn, and other routine business transacted, after which the meeting separated.

#### THE DRAMA.

##### THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

NEITHER heat nor cold, rain nor dust, can diminish the zeal of the managers to amuse, and the resolution of the public to be amused at this delightful theatre. Novelties so crowd upon us, that we cannot keep pace with them. An omission of a single number overwhelms us with claims for the next. Mr. A'Beckett's capital extravaganza nightly draws crowded houses, and calls down the most uproarious applause by its brilliant succession of clever hits at the follies and fashions of the day, especially the Post-office affair, and the Polka. Miss Austin is winning hearts with almost as much ease as Madame Thillon. Whether you want music or dancing, gorgeous spectacle, or a glorious laugh, or all in the same evening, go to the *Princess's Theatre*, and you will get them.

#### DEATHS.

On the 18th instant, Hyman Hurwitz, Esq. Professor of Hebrew at University College, London. He was held in the highest estimation for his great knowledge of biblical literature, and endeared to all who knew him by his unassuming manners and amiable disposition.

On Tuesday morning, Anne, the infant daughter of John Rolle Gibbs, Esq. of the *Aylesbury News*.

#### GLEANINGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

##### COLONEL STODDART AND CAPTAIN CONOLLY.

Though stepping somewhat out of our usual course, the subjoined letter from the benevolent Dr. Wolff, which sets at rest the doubtful question as to the death of the ill-fated Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, is so much interest to the public that we gladly give insertion to it in our columns:—

Captain Grover received the following letter on Saturday evening:—

"TO CAPTAIN GROVER.

"I write this letter in the house of Nayeib Samet Khan, the chief of the Artillery and the Arsenal of his Majesty the King of Bokhara, a sincere friend of the British nation, but in the presence also of his Majesty the Ameer's Mahram (private chamberlain); and I write this letter officially, by order of the King of Bokhara, to whom I give a translation of the letter, and, therefore, confine myself to the most necessary topics, without comment, and without observation.

"On the 29th of April, the King stated to me, by the medium of the above-named Nayeib, and in the presence of Mullah Kasem, the King's Mahram

(private chamberlain), that he had put to death, in the month of Sarrahan 1259 (July 1842), Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly.

"The first had been put to death:—

"1. On account of his having treated royalty with the greatest disrespect on different occasions.

"2. That he had turned Mussulman, and then returned to the Christian faith.

"3. That he had promised to get letters from England in four months, by which he would be acknowledged ambassador from England, and fourteen months had elapsed without receiving any answer, though the King had erected japor-khans (post-houses) on his account; and with regard to Conolly, that he had been put to death for having induced the Khans of Kiva and Kokan to wage war against the King of Bokhara, &c.

"His Majesty has given me permission to leave Bokhara on the 9th of May, Friday next. From Meshed I will write every thing more fully.

"JOSEPH WOLFF."

MINIATURE STEAM ENGINE.—A very curious piece of minute mechanism is now to be seen in one of the apartments of the Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street. It consists of a steam-engine so small that it stands upon a fourpenny-piece, and yet so perfect in all its parts that it may be examined with the assistance of a very powerful magnifying-glass without any defect being discernible in any part of it. To give some notion of the dimensions of this Lilliputian machine, it may be mentioned that the steam-way is no larger than a horse-hair. The piston-head is keyed on the rod, which is about the size of a needle. It has a stuffing-box, &c. The nuts and screws by which the whole is fastened together are very small, as may be imagined; nevertheless, they are true and perfect. The naked eye is insufficient to explore these little wonders; but, with the assistance of the before-mentioned glass, the elaborate details are perceptible. The finish of this elegant toy is equal to that of the finest chronometer, or even beyond it. It is composed of steel.

CURIOUS LOCALITY FOR A NEST.—A small steamer, the *Clarence*, lies at Annan Waterfoot, and plies between it and Port Carlisle, in the way of tugging vessels. A pair of swallows built their nest last year under the spousons of one of the paddle-wheels, not more than three feet above the water, and succeeded in bringing forth their young. There they are this summer again. During neap tides the *Clarence* plies every other day, and often every day. When she leaves the Waterfoot, the birds leave her, and keep on the Scotch side; and then when she returns, and is nearing Annan, the swallows invariably meet her, and accompany her to her berth.

Among the MSS. about to be sold in the *Bibliotheca Sussexiana*, is one containing "The Correspondence of the celebrated Marshal Keith with Lord J. Drummond and Lord E. Drummond, concerning the Affairs of the Russian Empire, 1748, 1755, and 1756." From this it appears that after the extraordinary Revolution, which placed Peter's daughter, the Empress Elizabeth, on the throne, in which he was a principal instrument, the Empress fell in love with him, and offered to marry him. This fact was unknown to all his biographers. In this MS. is his account of this affair; and his extremely long and most interesting letter to the Empress, in which he prudently declined the dangerous honour. He repaired to Berlin, but Elizabeth earnestly solicited his correspondence; "Your letters are health and happiness to me." His military talents attracted the notice of Frederick the Great. He received high promotion, and became in time Frederick's first Field Marshal, and his constant companion and friend. The deep interest Frederick felt in the fortunes of Keith's family may be seen in Lord Chatham's Correspondence, Vol. I. *passim*.

SHORT HOURS.—We understand that the booksellers' assistants have forwarded a memorial to upwards of six hundred booksellers of London and Westminster, calling their attention to the present duration of the hours of business, and urging upon their benevolent consideration the propriety of effecting some curtailment of the same. They request of each, that he should be willing to join in a general movement of booksellers to close shops at 7 o'clock throughout the year, and that he would be pleased, by letter or otherwise, to intimate the same. We hope there will be a general disposition to yield to this very reasonable request.

DRIED STRAWBERRIES.—Last summer, by way of experiment, when strawberries were plentiful, I attached threads to their stalks, and hung up a few which were over-ripe to dry. I placed them inside a window facing the south, where they remained from June until the end of the following March. They were then tasted, and the result was most satisfactory. That sweet refreshing acid which is peculiar to the strawberry in full perfection; the flavour of the fruit, without any watery taste, is delicious; it dissolves in the mouth as slowly as a lozenge, and it is infinitely superior to the raisin, which so soon brings on a feeling of satiety. The strawberry thus dried is a stomachic. The experiment may be tried when

the fruit is so ripe as to be scarcely worth gathering, without any further expense or trouble than being hung up.

**ACADEMY OF SCIENCES IN PARIS.**—SITTING OF JUNE 24.—M. Arago informed the academy of a remarkable meteorological fact, which was noticed at the Observatory on Sunday evening last. Between seven and eight o'clock the clouds which covered the horizon in the direction of the south disposed themselves in concentric masses, similar to those of the aurora borealis. The astronomers of the Observatory came to the conclusion that this was an austral aurora; but it was remarkable that the magnetic needle underwent none of the perturbations usual in such cases, and that the light from the phenomenon on being analyzed gave traces of polarization, in which the lunar light had no part. M. Arago next made a communication on the subject of the assertions brought forward by M. Thilorier relative to his pretended discovery of a nervous fluid. We mentioned in our account of the last sitting that M. Thilorier was to operate in the presence of M. Arago and M. Dutochet. According to the report of M. Arago, the affair was a failure, and M. Thilorier himself could find no better excuse for having failed, than by pretending that M. Arago, who is certainly not one of those sensitive sickly excitable beings who are generally selected by magnetizers for their demonstrations, had completely neutralized the fluid in the system of M. Thilorier. M. Thilorier promises to try the experiment again, if the Academy will give him a committee in which there may be something like sympathy of character. A letter was received from M. Girardin, of Rouen, relative to a portion of the report of M. de Gasparin, on the work of M. Foster on the changes of climate in France. M. Girardin writes that cider was made in Normandy as early as the sixth century, and that the consumption of it went on increasing up to the fourteenth century, as did also that of beer, which was one of the early products of Normandy. The cultivation of the vine, however, continued without much fluctuation in the results, to the fourteenth century, when the forests which sheltered the province from the north wind were cut down, and a perturbation in the temperature ensued, which was fatal to the vine. There were no other communications of a nature to interest the general reader.—*Galignani.*

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

##### ART.

**HAZLITT, W. A.**—Criticism on Art, with Catalogues of the principal Galleries of England. Second Series, edited by his Son. Fep. pp. 464, cloth, 6s.  
Miniatures of the Pictures in the National Gallery, highly finished in colours after the Originals. Series I. containing Nine subjects, 21s.

##### BIOGRAPHY.

**ELDON, LORD.**—The Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon, with Selections from his Correspondence. By Horace Twiss, esq. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1666, Portraits and Plates, cloth, 42s.  
**Heywood, O.**—Life of Oliver Heywood. By the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A. 8vo. cloth, reduced to 6s.

##### CLASSICS.

**HORATIUS FLACCUS.** Recensuit atque interpretatus est Jo. Casp. Orellius. Addita varietate lectionis codd. Bernensium III. Sangallensis et Turicensis. Editio II. aucta et emendata, 2 vols. 8vo. (Turici, Zurich), pp. 1628, 17. 10s.

**Vigilantius and his Times.** By W. S. Gilly, D.D. 8vo. pp. 504, cloth, 12s.

**Reddall, E.**—Latin Synonyms and Phrases, for the Use of Grammar Schools, &c. Pp. 66, cloth, 2s.

##### DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

**WEBSTER, T.**—Encyclopedia of Domestic Economy, comprising such subjects as are most immediately connected with Housekeeping. 8vo. pp. 1284, 1000 Woodcuts, cloth, 50s.

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**Strabonis Geographica.** Recensuit comment. crit. instruxit Gust. Kramer. Volumen I. 8vo. (Berolini) pp. 472, sewed, 15s.

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##### LAW.

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**Jeaffreson, W.**—Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Eye. By William Jeaffreson, late Surgeon to the Bombay Eye Infirmary. 8vo. pp. 324, cloth, 10s. 6d.

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##### MISCELLANEOUS.

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